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Our Political Drama

The figure consists of two parts. The top part shows a single hexagonal unit cell with vertices labeled *a* through *f*. The bottom part shows a larger section of the lattice with vertices labeled *a* through *z*, illustrating the periodic arrangement of atoms.



McKINLEY AND ROOSEVELT REVIEWING THE INAUGURATION PARADE IN 1901.

OUR POLITICAL DRAMA

CONVENTIONS CAMPAIGNS
CANDIDATES

By
JOSEPH BUCKLIN BISHOP

With Numerous Illustrations and
Reproductions from
Caricatures

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To

H. H. B.

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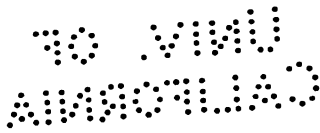
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PREFACE

Isaac Disraeli, in his "Curiosities of Literature," says: "How superficial is that cry of some impertinent pretended geniuses of these times who affect to exclaim: 'Give me no anecdotes of an author, but give me his works!' I have often found the anecdotes more interesting than the works." That is, in large measure, the keynote of this book. Several years ago I published in the "Century Magazine" three articles, one entitled "Humor and Pathos of National Conventions," another, "Scenes and Incidents of Presidential Inaugurations," and a third, "Early Political Caricature in America." These form the basis of the present volume. In the preparation of them, as well as in many years of almost continuous reading of American political history, I accumulated a considerable mass of personal anecdote and dramatic incident, only part of which could be used in the limited space of magazine publication. It had been gathered from many sources—history, biography, autobiography, diary, memoir, letters and personal recollections. Collected in a single volume, it seemed to me that it might prove not uninteresting reading. While all historical, and, I think, all reasonably authentic, it does not pretend to either the comprehensiveness or the full dignity of history. It is merely the personal and dramatic side of certain events in our political history: a compilation, how-



PREFACE

ever imperfect, of what some leading personages in that history have said or done at critical or supreme moments of their careers, what others intimately associated with them at the time have said about them, and what contemporary artists have portrayed in caricature.

I am much indebted to Stanwood's "History of the Presidency," which is an inexhaustible mine of exact information upon all subjects connected with conventions, campaigns and elections, and to Col. A. K. McClure's "Our Presidents and How We Make Them." I have drawn freely from these and also from Thurlow Weed's "Autobiography," from Greeley's "Recollections of a Busy Life," and from the volumes of "The American Statesman Series," published by Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

I wish also to make grateful acknowledgment to the Century Company for permission to use the illustrations which accompanied my articles in their magazine, to Harper Brothers for the illustrations reproduced from "Harper's Weekly," and to Messrs. Keppler & Schwarzmann, for the Gillam Cartoons from "Puck."

J. B. B.

NEW YORK, June, 1904

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PART ONE
NATIONAL CONVENTIONS

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CHAPTER I.

ORIGIN OF NOMINATING CONVENTIONS

The nominating convention is a purely American invention and a natural outgrowth of popular government. It came into being with the enlargement of the suffrage through the gradual removal of restriction upon it and with the steadily increasing demand of the people to have a voice in the selection of candidates for office. Before the Revolution, and for many years afterwards, political action was controlled by unofficial and voluntary associations or coteries of persons who were drawn together by kindred opinions and whose prominence in the affairs of the community made them its natural leaders. These gatherings very early in their career took the name of caucus. The origin of this word is obscure and much erudite speculation, some of it amusing, has been brought to bear upon it. One theory was that it was derived from the Algonquin Indian word *kaw-kaw-wus*—to consult, to speak—but this had few supporters. Another, which John Pickering, an early American philologist, set forth gravely in his "Vocabulary of Americanisms," published in Boston in 1816, made it a corruption of "caulkers." In the early politics of Boston, and particularly during the first difficulties between the townsmen and the British troops, the seafaring men and those employed about the ship yards were prominent among the

townspeople, and there were numerous gatherings, say advocates of this theory, which may have very easily come to be called by way of reproach a meeting of caulkers after the least influential class who attended them, or from the caulking house or caulk house in which they were held. What was at first a derisive description, came to be an appellation, and the gatherings of so-called caulkers became a caucus.

This theory is upset by the fact that the word was in familiar use at least seven years earlier, for John Adams wrote in his Diary, in Feb., 1763: "This day I learned that the caucus club meets at certain times in the garret of Tom Dawes, the adjutant of the Boston regiment. He has a large house and he has a movable partition in his garret which he takes down and the whole club meets in one room. There they smoke tobacco till you cannot see from one end of the room to the other. There they drink flip, I suppose, and there they choose a moderator who puts questions to the vote regularly; and selectmen, assessors, collectors, wardens, fire wards and representatives are regularly chosen before they are chosen in the town. Uncle Fairfield, Story, Ruddock, Adams, Cooper, and a *rudis indigestaque moles* of others are members. They send committees to wait on the merchants' club, and to propose in the choice of men and measures. Captain Cunningham says they have often solicited him to go to these caucuses, they have assured him benefit in his business, etc."

Like testimony is given by William Gordon, the English historian of "The Rise, Progress, and Establishment of the Independence of the United States of America," published in 1788. He writes: "More than fifty years ago Mr. Samuel Adams' father and twenty others, one or two from the north end of the town where all the ship business is carried on, used to meet, make a caucus and lay their plan for introducing certain persons into places of trust and power. When they had settled it they separated, and each used his particular influence within his own circle. He and his friends would furnish themselves with ballots, including the names of the parties fixed upon, which they distributed on the days of election. By acting in concert, together with a careful and extensive distribution of ballots they generally carried their elections to their own mind. In like manner it was that Mr. Samuel Adams first became a representative for Boston."

These caucuses led in all the action by the Colonies which preceded the Revolution. Their members called meetings, prepared resolutions and disseminated intelligence. After the Revolution they were the natural leaders in the town meetings and controlled their action with an authority that has been surpassed by no modern political organization under the autocratic command of a boss. They were able to do this mainly because of the limited suffrage which allowed only persons possessing a certain amount of property to vote. This made the caucus members the recognized repre-

(Representatives of the legal voters of the community. Associated with them were the clergy who still retained the intellectual leadership which had been theirs before the Revolution. They were a class apart and on public occasions held themselves aloof from the common people. Goodrich, a Federalist writer, thus describes a town meeting in Connecticut, in the period between 1796 and 1810: "Apart in a pew sat half a dozen men, the magnates of the town. In other pews near by, sat still others, all stanch respectabilities. These were the leading Federalists, persons of high character, wealth and influence. They spoke a few words to each other, and then relapsed into a sort of dignified silence. They did not mingle with the mass; they might be suspected of electioneering. Nevertheless, the Federalists had privately determined, a few days before, for whom they would cast their votes, and being a majority they carried the day."

CHAPTER II.

ORIGIN OF NOMINATING CONVENTIONS

(Continued)

The caucus system, described in the preceding chapter, was extended naturally to Congress and the State Legislatures after the adoption of the Constitution. In the Congressional caucuses presidential nominations were made and in Legislative caucuses state candidates were selected. This practice dated from 1796. It became general in the following year and continued with slight modifications until 1824. During the closing eight or ten years of its existence there was a steadily increasing volume of dissatisfaction with it, based mainly upon its unpopular character. The politicians who had control of it had become so arrogant that a new and younger body was gradually formed against them. The latter, aided by the increase of population, the steady growth in democratic sentiment, and the enlargement of the suffrage, made constant appeals to the people to insist upon having a voice in the selection of candidates. In 1824, these appeals had made such headway in New York that a call for a state nominating convention was issued. A proposal for such a convention had been made in 1813, and again in 1817, but had not been approved by the party in which it had originated and had been dropped. Thurlow Weed, in his "Autobiography," gives this account of the first nominating

convention ever called together: "It had been decided at an accidental meeting of [naming six persons beside himself] that a state convention consisting of as many delegates as there were representatives in the assembly, to be chosen by voters opposed to Mr. Crawford for President, and in favor of restoring the choice of presidential electors to the people, should assemble at Utica for the purpose of nominating candidates for governor and lieutenant-governor. Thus, the policy of nominations, emanating directly from the people, instead of by legislative caucus, was inaugurated. The convention which met at Utica in August, 1824, was the beginning of a new political era. The convention was very fully attended. Most of the delegates were men of political character and experience."

The new system spread rapidly to other states, what Mr. Weed calls the "policy of nominations emanating directly from the people," being too overwhelmingly popular to be resisted. The change was really a revolt against as arbitrary and as undemocratic a system of political management as the country has ever known. The politicians who took the lead in bringing it about were, like their species in all times, quick to detect the trend of popular sentiment and to get in step with it. While professedly yielding to the people's desires, they were already planning to get control of the new system for their own purposes. In fact, they had put it into operation because it best suited their needs

at the moment. They had no hope of success through the Legislative caucus, and in desperation they resorted to the delegate convention, feeling quite confident of their ability to control such a body.

It is a quite general delusion that in the early days of the Republic our politics were free from the trickery and manipulation which are so greatly deplored as characterizing party management in later times. One has only to read the citations which I have made in the first chapter of this book, in description of caucus methods, to perceive that from the outset the American politician has been constituted in much the same way as his latter-day prototype. Those caucuses, as described by Adams and Gordon, were very much such bodies as our party bosses gather about them and which constitute the "machines." Their methods, both of selecting and of electing candidates, were much like those which prevail now. Even that inducement for entering a caucus—"benefit in his business"—is still living and active in our day.

CHAPTER III.

FIRST NATIONAL CONVENTIONS.

With the advent of the state nominating convention began the gradual building up of the great modern political machine. It was inevitable that the adoption of the convention system by the states should lead to its adoption by the nation, and this change began almost immediately. The Anti-Masonic party, one of those ephemeral political movements whose birth and death occur in a single campaign, first set the example by holding a national convention in Philadelphia, in September, 1830, and calling a second convention to meet in Baltimore a year later. The National Republican party, which closed its career in the same campaign, was the first real party to use the new method, nominating Henry Clay unanimously in a convention at Baltimore in December, 1831, and recommending the convening of a national assembly of young men at Washington in May of the following year. When this body, afterward known as "Clay's Infant-School," came together, it also nominated him unanimously. General Jackson, who was then a virtually unopposed candidate for a Democratic renomination, with that quick instinct for "getting close to the people" which seldom failed him, saw in the new method great elements of popularity, and hastened to attract them to himself. He

directed that a convention be called to nominate a candidate for the Vice-Presidency on a ticket with himself.

Jackson's choice for the nomination was Van Buren, but the latter was far from being a favorite with the party and for the purpose of overcoming opposition to him Jackson had decided to resort to the convention system. He had the convention called by instigating the Legislature of New Hampshire to propose it and the party press to commend the proposal. He then saw to it that most of the delegates chosen should be amenable to advice from himself as to the proper course to pursue and such as were not in that frame of mind were informed after the convention assembled that it would be well for them to favor Van Buren "unless they wished to quarrel with the general." As few were anxious to quarrel with that redoubtable personage, he had a very large majority of the convention ready to do his bidding.

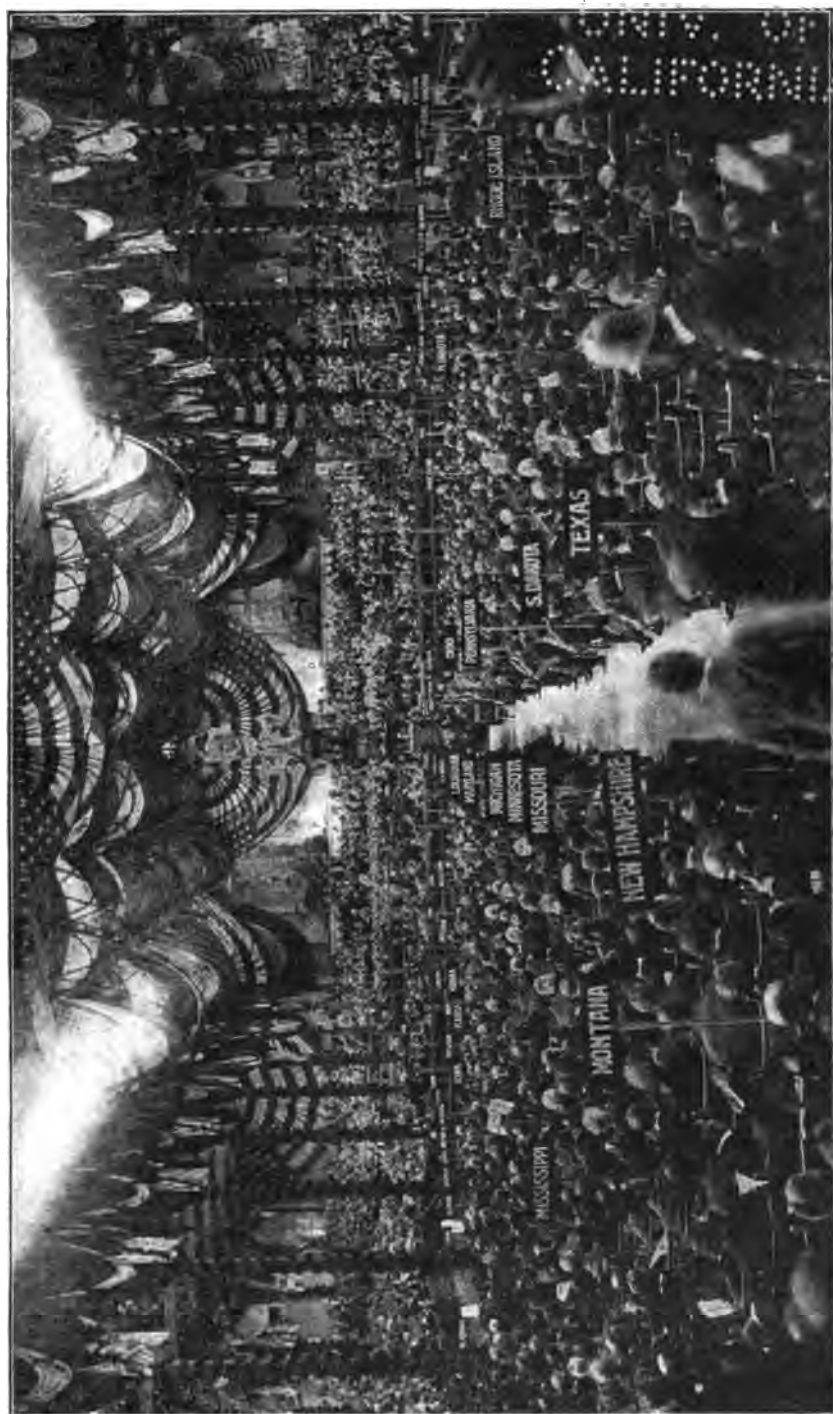
For some reason which is not clearly apparent, he had the convention adopt the following resolution, which it is worth while to cite in full because of its historic value:

Resolved, That each State be entitled, in the nomination to be made of a candidate for the vice-presidency, to a number of votes equal to the number to which they will be entitled in the electoral colleges, under the new apportionment, in voting for President and Vice-President; and that two-thirds of the whole number of the votes in the

convention shall be necessary to constitute a choice.

In the closing passage of that resolution appears the two-thirds rule which has prevailed in all Democratic national conventions for the seventy odd years since Jackson invented it. Why he thought it desirable to use it on that occasion, I have never seen stated. Perhaps he was desirous of "showing his power," as some modern politicians have been, or perhaps he desired to "rub it in" to the members of the party who had been so imprudent as to oppose his wishes. But whatever his motive, he placed a shackle about the neck of his party in convention assembled from which it has been trying in vain ever since to rid itself. Repeated efforts have been made to set it aside, but always in vain.

After the rule had been used to accomplish Van Buren's nomination for vice-president in 1832, it was used to secure his nomination for president in 1836. It was vigorously attacked in convention as unrepugnant, and a motion to reject it was carried by a vote of 231 to 210. On the following day, however, the vote was reconsidered, and the rule again put in force. Four years later Van Buren was a candidate for renomination, but could not command two-thirds of the convention. His supporters moved to have the rule set aside and to have a majority of the convention suffice for a nomination. They were defeated by a vote of 148 in favor of sustaining the rule and 118 against it. Van Buren received a majority of 26 on the first



PHILADELPHIA REPUBLICAN CONVENTION IN JUNE, 1900.

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ballot, but could not get two-thirds. Four years later the rule was again sustained, after a long debate, by a vote of 175 to 78, and in 1852 and 1856 it was adopted in both the Charleston and the Baltimore conventions, when, as is truthfully remarked in Stanwood's "History of the Presidency," it wrecked the party, leading to the nomination of two tickets. This experience did not avail to shake the party's faith in the rule, for it was adopted, usually without debate, in all subsequent conventions down to the present time.

In each presidential election year there has been much talk in advance of the assembling of the convention about the two-thirds rule, but in none of the conventions has there been serious discussion of the matter. It is usually adopted with the regular rules of procedure in the preceding convention. In writing of the vote to sustain the rule in 1844, Stanwood says: "The northern delegates had it in their power to defeat the rule, and yet, being perfectly well aware that the adoption of the two-thirds requirement handicapped the candidate they professed to support, they lent themselves to the scheme of his opponents. The conclusion is inevitable that they were willing that he should be sacrificed, but that they did not quite venture to appear with daggers in their own hands."

This theory is not necessary to explain the attitude of the various factions in the party of to-day. One can easily see why the supporters of one candidate should uphold the two-thirds rule, for it

enables them, by simply controlling a third of the convention, to prevent the nomination of any one whom they dislike. Each faction, in short, believes that the rule is the most effective club of all to swing over the heads of a rival faction. That it is thoroughly undemocratic seems not to disturb them. It is no more so than the unit rule, yet both have become established methods of procedure in Democratic conventions, though they have been rejected by Republican conventions as contrary to the fundamental principle of American institutions—that is, rule by the majority.

CHAPTER IV.

FIRST NATIONAL CONVENTIONS

(Continued)

Gen. Jackson's success with the convention system in 1832 encouraged him to use it again at the end of his second term in order to secure the nomination of Van Buren as his successor. He began to prepare the way for this early in 1835, writing to a friend, who published the letter, suggesting the holding of a national convention composed of delegates "fresh from the people," who should nominate candidates for President and Vice-President. Then he went to work in his usual way to have the people elect as delegates men whom he could depend upon to do his bidding. The convention met in Baltimore in May, 1835, and was a really extraordinary body. There were 626 names on the roll of delegates, representing 22 states and two territories. There were no delegates from Alabama, Illinois, South Carolina or Tennessee. Maryland had 181, Virginia 108, New Jersey 73 and Pennsylvania 60. Tennessee being the President's own state, it was deemed imperative to have it represented, and in the absence of an elected delegation, a citizen of the state who happened to be in Baltimore, was admitted to the convention and cast the fifteen votes allotted to Tennessee for Van Buren. In fact, so well had Jackson done his work in getting delegates "fresh from the people," that Van Buren

was nominated unanimously. Long lists of the office-holders present were published in the opposition press and made an imposing exhibit. The opposition party held no national convention in 1835, but put forward its candidate in the old way. Four years later, however, under the name of the Whig party, it held its first nominating convention, and the methods employed by its political leaders showed that they were as eager and as adept in operating the new system for their own purposes as Gen. Jackson had been.

This convention was held in a new Lutheran church in Harrisburg, Pa., and it is a safe assertion that never before or since has a house of God been made the scene of so much and so adroit political manœuvring as went on there for the purpose of preventing the nomination of Henry Clay for the presidency. The chief manipulator was Thurlow Weed, who appeared there as the friend of Governor Seward, and the future member of the powerful firm of Seward, Weed, and Greeley. This firm was, indeed, the outcome of the ensuing campaign. Greeley was at the convention,—“a deeply interested observer,” he styles himself,—little dreaming that the campaign which was to follow would give him the opportunity for developing the qualities which were to make him the first editor of his time, and lead to the foundation of a great newspaper to be forever linked indissolubly with his name. Weed went to the convention with the determination of defeating Clay. He says in his “Auto-

biography" that he had had the New York delegation instructed for Scott to keep it from Clay, his real candidate being Harrison. He entered into an agreement with friends of Webster, on the way to Harrisburg from New York city, to act together for Clay's defeat. Webster was in Europe at the time, and had sent word to his friends declining to be a candidate, primarily because of Weed's refusal to support him. After detailing these facts, Mr. Weed goes on to say that, on reaching Harrisburg, "we found a decided plurality in favor of Mr. Clay," but that, "in the opinion of the delegates from Pennsylvania and New York, Mr. Clay could not carry either of those states, and without them he could not be elected." Mr. Weed makes no mention of the plan which was arranged for preventing Clay's success, but he has always been suspected of having intimate knowledge of it, if he was not its author. It was proposed to the convention by a member of the Massachusetts delegation, in the form of a rule directing each delegation, to take informal ballots as to candidates until a majority should be recorded for some one candidate, upon which a report of the result should be made to the convention, and the vote of the majority of each delegation should be reported as the vote of that state. This was the origin of the "unit rule," which has since been used in Democratic conventions in conjunction with the "two-thirds rule." The effect of this rule was the defeat of Clay and the nomination of Harrison. Weed admits a bar-

gain in favor of Harrison with the friends both of Webster and of Scott, and says the "final vote was intentionally delayed by the friends of the stronger candidate (Harrison) for twenty-four hours" in order to placate the angry friends of Clay, "whose disappointment and vexation found excited expression."

Greeley, in his "Recollections of a Busy Life," makes frank admission of the plot, saying: "Governor Seward, who was in Albany (there were no telegraphs in those days), and Mr. Weed, who was present, and very influential in producing the result, were strongly blamed by the ardent, uncalculating supporters of Mr. Clay, as having cheated him out of the nomination,—I could never see with what reason. They judged that he could not be chosen, if nominated, while another could be, and acted accordingly. If politics does not meditate the achievement of beneficent ends through the choice and use of the safest and most effective means, I wholly misapprehend it." This somewhat Jesuitical view did not strike Clay and his friends as an adequate justification of the methods by which an admitted majority of the convention had been prevented from expressing its will. John Tyler of Virginia, one of Clay's most ardent friends in the convention, was so overcome with grief at Harrison's nomination that he shed tears; and after several unavailing efforts to get some one else to take the nomination for Vice-President, Tyler was named for it, his tears having convinced the conven-

tion that the placing of so devoted a friend of Clay on the ticket would go far to heal the wounds that the methods of the convention had caused.

But Weed and his associates were not the only intriguers. Some of Scott's supporters were loyal to him and made a strong effort to have him nominated when Clay's defeat was assured. The Virginia delegation were for either Harrison or Scott, since both were natives of their state, and were hesitating between the two. Col. A. K. McClure, in his book on "Our Presidents and How We Make Them," gives this account of the manner in which they were turned from Scott: "It was at this stage of the contest that Thaddeus Stevens, who was the leading delegate from Pennsylvania, controlled the Virginia delegation by a scheme that was more effective than creditable. Scott, who was quite too fond of writing letters, had written a letter to Francis Granger, of New York, in which he evidently sought to conciliate the anti-slavery sentiment of that State. It was a private letter, but Granger exhibited it to Stevens and permitted Stevens to use it in his own way. As the headquarters of the Virginia delegation were the centre of attraction they were always crowded, and Stevens called there along with many others. Before leaving he dropped the Scott letter on the floor, and it was soon discovered and its contents made known to the Virginians. That letter decided the Virginians to support Harrison and to reject Scott. Either could have been elected if nominated, as the Van

Buren defeat of 1840 was one of the most sweeping political hurricanes in the history of the country. My authority for this is Mr. Stevens himself."

CHAPTER V.

THE FIRST "DARK HORSE"

The Democratic convention of 1844 is memorable for several reasons. It was the first convention to develop a "dark horse," the first to bring about a nomination by means of a "stampede," and the first to have its proceedings reported by telegraph. Van Buren, who had been President, and who had been defeated in 1840 by Harrison, was the leading candidate, and had a majority of twenty-six in the convention. An attempt to defeat the two-thirds rule failed, and from that moment Van Buren's prospects became hopeless. Eight ballots were taken without result, and a great deal of bad feeling was springing up between the supporters of Van Buren and his chief competitor, Gen. Cass. On the eighth ballot forty-four votes were cast for James K. Polk, who had been mentioned modestly up to that time as a possible nominee for Vice-President. His name came before the convention at the moment when the warfare between the rival factions was at its hottest point. A delegate from Pennsylvania was the first to break away from instructions to vote for Van Buren. He was denounced for his action and in defending it he said he had voted for Van Buren on three ballots, but finding that he was not the choice of the convention he had voted for Mr. Buchanan. Finding that Mr.

Buchanan could not succeed, he had cast his vote for James K. Polk, "the bosom friend of Gen. Jackson, and a pure, whole-hogged Democrat."

A flood of lurid oratory was then turned upon the convention. A delegate from New York, disturbed by a passion which wrought sad confusion among his metaphors, charged that a firebrand had been thrown into their company by the mongrel administration at Washington. That firebrand was the abominable Texas question; but that question, like a fever, would wear itself out or kill the patient. Nero had fiddled while Rome was burning, and this question had been put in agitation for the especial purpose of advancing the aspiring ambition of a man who, he doubted not, was now probably fiddling while Rome was falling. Challenged to reveal the identity of the fiddling Nero, he refused to do so. Several voices cried "John Tyler!" and one declared: "We have three Neros!" Great uproar followed, and when the man who had made the original charge left the hall he was accused of "throwing a firebrand, and then meanly skulking from the room." A storm of hisses and groans followed, with earnest demands from time to time for the name of the fiddling Nero. In the midst of the din a delegate from New Hampshire arose, and begged to appear before the convention as the "apostle of harmony." His state had presented to the convention the name of its "favorite son," but in the interest of harmony she withdrew it and presented that of James K. Polk. A delegate from Maryland,

in a voice trembling with emotion, said that "one million people are looking with anxiety to this convention, and if their voices could be concentrated they would demand a nomination irrespective of party faction." Therefore, Maryland would cast her vote for James K. Polk. The "stampede" now began to move. An editor from Ohio, who was a delegate, said that he was ready to make any sacrifice for union and harmony; that he was a friend of Texas (the annexation of Texas was the "firebrand" alluded to), and that, "should the convention give Ohio a candidate in favor of this object, he would pledge that the Lone Star should be blazoned on the Democratic standard in Ohio, and they would lead on to a certain victory." (Tremendous cheering.)

The ninth ballot was begun while the convention was at this pitch of harmony and enthusiasm. State after state gave its solid vote to Polk. The New York delegation retired for consultation. While they were out the ballot proceeded till Virginia was reached. The chairman said that Virginia resigned her first choice. Mr. Van Buren, "with a bleeding heart," but that her chief desire was to "defeat that apostate, Henry Clay, with a tail twenty years long and a pack of hungry expectants of twenty years' standing dragging after it; to defeat that man Virginia yields, and places her heart upon the altar of her country and her principles." This remarkable specimen of convention oratory—which finds an echo in much of the latter-day contribution to that

portion of our political literature—hit the New York delegation squarely in the face as it returned to the hall with one Benjamin F. Butler in its front. Mr. Butler at once “responded with all his heart” to the noble words of the gentleman from Virginia, and, acting in accordance with a private letter from Mr. Van Buren, took the “responsibility of withdrawing that honored name in the best interests of the Democratic party.” He begged leave to add that it had been his privilege recently to spend “some happy days under the same roof with the venerable patriot, Jackson, at the Hermitage,” where he had found him “with one eye intent on his final home, to which he was doubtless rapidly gliding, and with the other fixed on his country and her hopes of prosperity.” While occupying this trying position, the venerable Jackson had conveyed to Mr. Butler the fact that Van Buren was his “first choice,” and that he viewed the possible failure to nominate him with “despondency”; still, Mr. Butler had received a letter from him since the convention had been in session, containing a postscript with this pious message to the delegates: “May God bless you, my dear friends, and may He guide all the deliberations of the convention, leading them in union and harmony to act for the best interests of my beloved country.” That completed the work. The “stampede” went on till every vote was recorded for Polk, and the first “dark horse” crossed the line a winner, amid “indescribable enthusiasm.” That there was a carefully laid plot behind this “spontaneous”

movement was quite generally suspected. In commenting upon the outcome, the New York "Evening Post," which supported Polk's candidacy later, said: "We believe that if the secret history of the convention, from the adoption of the two-thirds rule through its various proceedings, could be written, a large number of the delegates would stand disgraced in the eyes of their constituents."

For second place on the ticket the convention, by nearly a unanimous vote, nominated Silas Wright of New York, hoping thereby to placate the disappointed supporters of Van Buren. Mr. Wright was at the time a member of the Senate at Washington. As I said at the beginning of this chapter, this convention was the first to have its proceedings reported by telegraph. Congress had only a short time before appropriated \$30,000 to test Morse's invention. A wire had been run between Washington and Baltimore and communication opened three days before the convention met. Messages of congratulation had been sent, the first being "What hath God wrought!" But the first practical use of the invention was to give Congress the news of this convention's doings. "Every half hour," says Schouler in his "History of the United States," "the strange little machine at the east end of the Capitol reported the progress of meetings held forty miles away and written bulletins posted up on the wall of the rotunda gave quick intelligence of the news." Thus it came about that Senator Wright was the first man to receive and decline a nomination to office by

electric telegraph. He was also the first and the last in our history to decline a nomination for Vice-President by a great political party after the nomination had been made. It is extremely probable that had there been no electric telegraph, he would have accepted the nomination and been elected. He was indignant at the moment at what he believed to have been a base betrayal of Van Buren, and telegraphed a positive refusal to accept.

CHAPTER VI.

CLAY'S BITTERNESS IN DEFEAT.

No one can examine the records of presidential conventions, with their personal successes and failures, and easily escape the conviction that there is far more of tragedy than comedy in our national politics. There are touches of humor here and there, but the dominant note is that of pathos. Behind many a great success there is to be seen the sombre shadow of bitter disappointment, of wrecked ambition, of lifelong hopes in ruins. As one pursues through biography, autobiography, and memoir, the personal history of the chief figures in the conventions that have been held during the seventy years which have passed since that method of nominating presidential candidates came into use, he finds it almost invariably ending in sadness and gloom. Scarcely one of those seeking the presidency with most persistence has succeeded in getting possession of that great office, and few of them, when final failure has come, have shown themselves able to bear the blow with fortitude.

Clay's rage at the outcome of the Harrisburg convention in 1839 was unbounded. He had been assuming in the Senate a lofty indifference to the presidency, his famous saying, "I would rather be right than be President," having been made public only a short time before the convention met. There

was nobody in the Senate at that time of sufficiently nimble wit to think of the biting retort which Speaker Reed, many years later, made to a congressman, who, for the thousandth time, was strutting about in Clay's cast-off garments: "Don't give yourself the slightest uneasiness; you'll never be either." But Clay had given himself great uneasiness, for he was most desirous of the nomination. He had been a candidate eight years earlier, when he had no chance of election, and he believed firmly now that if nominated he could be elected. He had protested at the last moment against the arrangements of the convention, saying they had been made with the object of excluding him. When the news of Harrison's nomination reached him in Washington, he lost all control of himself. Henry A. Wise, who was with him at the time, thus describes the scene: "He had been drinking heavily in the excitement of expectation. He rose from his chair and, walking backward and forward rapidly, lifting his feet like a horse string-halted in both legs, stamped his steps upon the floor, exclaiming, 'My friends are not worth the powder and shot it would take to kill them. It is a diabolical intrigue, I know now, which has betrayed me. I am the most unfortunate man in the history of parties—always run by my friends when sure to be defeated, and now betrayed for a nomination when I, or any one, would be sure of an election.'"

He had promised, in a letter to the Kentucky delegation which was read to the convention after Harrison's nomination, that, in case it were thought

wise to nominate some other person than himself, to give the nominee his best wishes and cordial support. This pledge he kept, taking the stump for Harrison, but carefully freeing himself from all responsibility for the latter's course in office. "I do not pretend," he said in his first speech, "to announce the purposes of the new President, of which I have no knowledge other than that accessible to every citizen. I speak only for myself." After election, Harrison offered Clay a place in his Cabinet, but the latter declined on the ground that he desired to be independent in his political course and preferred to remain in the Senate.

His angry complaint in 1840 that he was the most unfortunate of men in that he was always run for the presidency when he was sure to be defeated and betrayed by his friends when if nominated he was sure to be elected, was strangely confirmed by events. He was nominated unanimously by the Whig party in 1844, amid scenes of unbounded enthusiasm and with most confident anticipations of victory. When defeat came, he and his party with him were fairly stunned by it. "The Whigs," says Carl Schurz in his "Life of Clay," "broke out in a wail of agony all over the land. The descriptions we have of the grief manifested are almost incredible. Tears flowed in abundance from the eyes of men and women. In the cities and villages the business places were almost deserted for a day or two, people gathering together in groups to discuss in low tones what had happened. Neither did the victorious Democrats indulge in the

usual demonstrations of triumph. There was a feeling as if a great wrong had been done. Many despaired of the Republic, sincerely believing that the experiment of popular government had failed forever." It was inevitable that Clay himself should share these gloomy views. He took his defeat very much to heart, saying in a letter to a friend: "The late blow that has fallen upon our country is very heavy. I hope that she may recover from it, but I confess that the prospect ahead is dark and discouraging. I am afraid that it will be yet a long time, if ever, that the people recover from the corrupting influences and effects of Jacksonism. I pray God to give them a happy deliverance."

Clay was nearly seventy-one years of age when he made his final effort to obtain the presidency. His defeat in 1844 had been followed by extraordinary manifestations of popular affection. He had been for several years burdened with a steadily accumulating mass of debt, including a heavy mortgage upon his home, Ashland. He was considering whether he must not part with this cherished abode when he was surprised with the information that all his debts had been paid. When he asked who had done this, he could only learn that the benefactors were unknown, but they were presumably not his enemies. He hesitated for some time as to the propriety of accepting the gifts, but when his friends assured him that since he could not discover the donors he could not return their money, and since their money had discharged obligations he could not force the renewal

of his debts, he decided to accept. During the intervening years between his defeat and the assembling of the Whig convention of 1848, he lived in retirement at Ashland, receiving so constantly marked evidences of the popular esteem in which he was held as to leave no cause for doubting that he was as strong with his party as he had ever been. The first shock to his sense of security came with the popular demonstrations which followed the victories achieved by Gen. Taylor in the Mexican War. When talk of Taylor for the presidency began to come out of these demonstrations, Clay was extremely annoyed and when a Taylor movement started in Kentucky itself, he became anxious and even fretful. "Why is it," he wrote to a friend, "after the long period of time during which I have had the happiness to enjoy the friendship and confidence of that state, what have I done, it is inquired, to lose it?" When the convention assembled and a majority of the Kentucky delegation voted for Taylor's nomination and thus led the way to his selection on the fourth ballot, Clay's mortification was more acute than it had been eight years earlier when another "war hero" had been preferred to him, for on this second occasion his own state had joined in his humiliation, or as he considered it, his betrayal by his friends. Curiously enough, the political leader who had done most on both occasions to defeat Clay was Thurlow Weed of New York, who was acting in each instance on his pet doctrine of availability.

The limit of Clay's patience and magnanimity

had been reached. He refused to support Taylor, saying he would do nothing against him nor anything to help him. "Ought I," he said, "to come out as a warm and partisan supporter of a candidate who, in a reversal of our conditions, announced his purpose to remain a candidate, and consequently to oppose me, so far as it depended upon himself? Tell me, what reciprocity is this? Magnanimity is a noble virtue, and I have always endeavored to practice it; but it has its limits, and the line of demarcation between it and meanness is not always discernible. I think my friends ought to leave me quiet and undisturbed in my retirement. My race is run. During the short time that remains to me in this world I desire to preserve untarnished that character which so many have done me the honor to respect and esteem."

CHAPTER VII.

WEBSTER'S LONG AND HOPELESS QUEST.

Mr. Webster was an eager candidate for a Presidential nomination for twenty years. The "bee" began to buzz in his bonnet immediately after his famous speech in reply to Hayne, in January, 1830. "Before the delivery of that speech," says Henry Cabot Lodge, in his "Life of Webster," "he was a distinguished statesman, but the day after he awoke to a national fame which made all his other triumphs pale. The reply made him a Presidential candidate, and from that moment he was never free from the gnawing, haunting ambition to win the grand prize of American public life." He sought it earnestly in 1832, but his best friends in his own party told him that he had no chance of winning it as against Clay, and he acquiesced in their decision. The defeat of Clay in the campaign of that year convinced Webster that he was the inevitable candidate for 1836, since his most formidable rival had been removed from the field. The Legislature of Massachusetts nominated him for the office, but the movement began and ended there. No other state took it up, and Gen. Harrison was made the Whig candidate. Webster's failure did not in the slightest degree diminish his zeal or chill his hope of ultimate success. He was as eager and sanguine a candidate as ever in 1839. Thurlow Weed called upon him in

Washington in the spring of that year, and Webster said to him: "I think I shall be the Whig candidate." Weed expressed doubt, and when Webster asked who would be the candidate, replied, "It looks to me like Harrison." Whereupon Webster exclaimed: "You are misinformed. The party will choose a man with larger civic experience, who is better adapted to the place." To this Weed replied that the real question was, "Who will poll the most votes?" He then asked Webster if he would consent to be the nominee for Vice-President on the ticket with Harrison, but "Webster would not listen to this." The Legislature of Massachusetts again brought Webster forward, but there was no response from any other state, not even in New England. Harrison was nominated. Webster supported him heartily, speaking to enthusiastic audiences in all parts of the country, for he was incomparably the favorite orator of his party and of his time, and accepting Harrison's offer of the position of Secretary of State after election. He composed for Harrison an inaugural address which the latter declined to use, saying that the people would know it was not his, but Webster's, and he thought it best to give them the one which he had prepared himself. He submitted this to Webster for revision. It had a great deal in it about the Roman republic and proconsuls, and Webster spent nearly an entire day over it. His friend Peter Harvey says in his "Reminiscences" that when Webster returned to his home, late for dinner, his wife, struck with his worried and tired

look, said she hoped nothing had happened, and that Webster replied: "You would think something had happened if you knew what I have done. I have killed seventeen proconsuls as dead as smelts, everyone of them."

Webster remained in Tyler's cabinet as Secretary of State, after Harrison's death, till May, 1843, when he resigned and retired to his farm at Marshfield. He declared that he was not a candidate for the Presidential nomination of 1844 and refused to permit New Hampshire to bring his name forward. The Whigs were again united and enthusiastic for Clay. Tyler's treachery to the party, as it was called, had revived all its former enthusiasm for Clay and had silenced all internal opposition to him. Greeley says in his "Recollections" "John Tyler succeeded Gen. Harrison in the Presidency. He was called a Whig when elected Vice-President; I think he never called himself, nor wished others to call him so, from the day on which he stepped into our dead President's shoes. At all events, he contrived soon to quarrel with the great body of those whose efforts and votes had borne him into power. If he cried at Harrisburg over Mr. Clay's defeat, Mr. Clay's friends had abundant reason to cry ever afterward over Tyler's success there."

Webster supported Clay as heartily as he had supported Harrison four years earlier, and in the following winter Massachusetts re-elected him to the Senate. He still had his eye fixed unswervingly and confidently upon the Presidency and was con-

vinced a second time that Clay's defeat had cleared the way for his own nomination. Thurlow Weed visited him again, as he had done eight years earlier, this time at Marshfield. Webster greeted him with the inquiry: "Well, how do things look now? I suppose the question still is, 'Who will poll the most votes?'" "Yes," replied Weed, "and that man is Gen. Taylor, who will be the next President." Webster broke out in contemptuous surprise: "Why, Taylor is an illiterate frontier colonel, who hasn't voted for forty years!" Weed insisted that Taylor was the man, and again asked Webster to take second place; but Webster again refused, saying: "I shall remain in the field as a candidate for President. I am not a candidate for any other place."

The task of supporting Gen. Taylor was even more difficult for Webster than that of supporting Gen. Harrison had been. Indeed, it was too difficult for him to master it entirely, for while coming finally to the advocacy of his election, on the ground that Taylor's opponents were less worthy than he was, he made no concealment of his contempt for the latter. In a speech at Marshfield, some time after the nomination, he used several phrases which not only echoed and re-echoed throughout the campaign, but have survived to the present day. "That sagacious, wise, far-seeing doctrine of availability," he said, with Thurlow Weed's repeated objection to his own candidacy obviously in his mind, "lies at the bottom of the whole matter. Gen. Taylor has been nominated fairly, as far as I know, and I can

not, therefore, and shall not, oppose his election. At the same time there is no man who is more firmly of the opinion that such a nomination was not fit to be made." Naturally, the opposing parties, for there were three candidates in that campaign—Taylor, Van Buren and Cass—made the most of the phrase "a nomination not fit to be made," and it played a very prominent part in the canvass. Webster wrote to a friend who commended the speech that there were many among their party associates who would not like it, adding: "They think Gen. Taylor is a miracle of a man, knowing everything without having had the opportunity of learning it, and the fittest man in the world, by a sort of inspiration, to administer a constitutional government and discharge the highest civil trusts." Yet Taylor was elected, as Harrison had been; and as Mr. Weed points out in his "Autobiography," if Webster had humbled his pride and had accepted second place with either of these two men, he would have realized his cherished desire of being President, for each died before the expiration of his term.

Webster's final appearance as a candidate was in 1852. So great was his infatuation that he did not perceive that he had far less chance of success than ever. He had alienated completely and hopelessly a great body of his northern supporters by his famous 7th of March speech on the Wilmot Proviso. In their opinion, he had abandoned his advocacy of human freedom, and had become not merely the apologist for but the defender of slavery. As Mr.

Lodge says, "he was wholly out of the race and his last hour was near, but he himself regarded the great prize as at last surely within his grasp. There was absolutely no one who in fame, ability, public services, and experience could be compared for one moment with Mr. Webster. The opportunity was obvious enough; it awakened all Mr. Webster's hopes, and excited the ardor of his friends. A formal and recognized movement, such as had never before been made, was set on foot to promote his candidacy." Before the time for the convention to meet had arrived, his friends became convinced that he had no chance. Rufus Choate, who was to be his spokesman and the leader of the Webster delegates in the convention, went to Washington the day before it was to assemble to tell him the sad truth in the matter, but he found him so strong with the belief that he would be nominated that it seemed cruel to undeceive him, and he made no attempt to do so. On the day the convention met Webster wrote to a friend: "What may take place to-day, in Baltimore, I know not; but of one thing, my dear Sir, you may be assured, that is, that I shall meet the result, whatever it may be, with a composed mind."

Choate made a speech of great eloquence in his behalf and everything that loyal friends could do for him was done, but his nomination was hopeless from the start. His highest vote was 32 in a total of 293, and after 45 ballots had been taken Gen. Scott began to gain and was nominated on the 53rd.

Webster's "composed mind" failed him when the news of the result reached him. The faithful Peter Harvey, who was at the convention, which sat in Baltimore, went directly to Webster's house in Washington after Scott had been nominated. Webster met him at the door "with an expression of grief," but said not a word as to the result, merely asking for Mr. Choate. The latter arrived later, and the family sat down to tea. Still not a word was uttered by any one about the convention. Webster and Choate were closeted for an hour or so afterward, and then Choate departed for Boston. Harvey met him there a few days later, when Choate spoke of the interview as one of the most affecting he had ever had, saying that the appearance of the family and everything about the house seemed to remind him of scenes he had witnessed in families which had lost a beloved member, "and that sad meal which we partook with Mr. and Mrs. Webster reminded me of the first meal after the return from the grave, when the full force of the bereavement seems to be realized." Upon this funereal household, in the very depths of its gloom, there came strains of jubilant music, and the shouting of an enthusiastic crowd of Washington Whigs, who, in celebrating Scott's nomination, conceived the notion of including Mr. Webster in their round of visits. They gathered under his windows, and demanded a speech, and would take no refusal, though told repeatedly that he was not well, and had retired for the night. He appeared finally with great re-

luctance, and in a brief speech, which contained no mention of Scott, said: "Of one thing, gentlemen, I can assure you: that no one amongst you will enjoy a sounder night's sleep than I shall. I shall rise in the morning, God willing, to the performance of my duty with the lark, and though I cannot equal him in sweetness of song, he will not greet the purpling east more joyous and jocund than I."

He left Washington soon afterward for Marshfield, where a few weeks later he died. Harvey records that Webster was unable to reconcile himself to Scott's nomination, saying only a few days before his death that Scott, if elected, "would be a mere tool in the hands of the New York Whig regency, headed by William H. Seward;" and adding, "if I had a vote, I should cast it for General Pierce." He wrote in response to an urgent request that he recommend his party associates to vote for Scott: "This is a matter of principle and character and reputation with me, and I will die before I will do anything, directly or indirectly, from which it is to be inferred that I acquiesce in the nomination made at Baltimore. I ask nobody to vote for me, I expect it of nobody; I find fault with nobody for supporting the nomination. But I can not and will not say that I acquiesce in it." Three days before his death, when a letter was read to him from a friend in Boston, expressing the hope that he would not be swerved from his determination not to support Scott, he said: "Write to him and tell him to look over toward

Charlestown and see if the Bunker Hill monument is still standing."

Goldwin Smith, in his "Political History of the United States," says of this tragic close of a great life: "His character, to which the friends of freedom in the North had long looked up, fell with a crash like that of a mighty tree, of a lofty pillar, of a rock that for ages had breasted the waves. Some minds, willing to be misled, he still drew after him, but the best of his friends turned from him, and his life ended in gloom."

CHAPTER VIII.

LINCOLN'S FIRST NOMINATION.

Was Lincoln an active or a passive candidate for the Presidency? I have read what his various biographers have said upon this point with much care and it seems to me to leave no doubt that he sought the nomination by all means at his command after he returned from his eastern tour in the early spring of 1860. The success of his Cooper Institute speech, together with the enthusiastic reception accorded him in New England, clearly convinced him that he was a Presidential possibility. A year earlier he had no such aspirations. In April, 1859, an Illinois editor wrote to him saying he was preparing for a simultaneous announcement of Lincoln's name for the Presidency by the entire Republican press of the state. To this Lincoln replied: "I must in candor say that I do not think myself fit for the Presidency. I certainly am flattered and gratified that some partial friends think of me in that connection; but I really think it best for our cause that no concerted effort, such as you suggest, shall be made." Eleven months later, he took a quite different view, for in March, 1860, he wrote to a friend in Kansas: "As to your kind wishes for myself, allow me to say I cannot enter the ring on the money basis, first, because in the main it is wrong; and, secondly, I have not and cannot get the money. I say in the

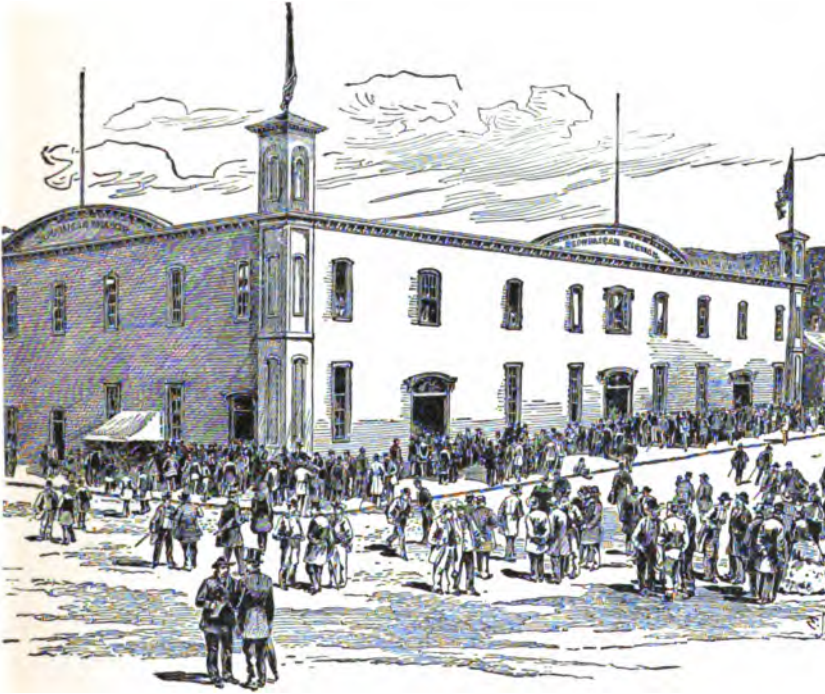
main the use of money is wrong; but for certain objects in a political contest the use of some is both right and indispensable. With me, as with yourself, this long struggle has been one of great pecuniary loss. I now distinctly say this: If you shall be appointed a delegate to Chicago, I will furnish one hundred dollars to bear the expenses of the trip." About a month later he wrote again to the same friend: "I see by the despatches that since you wrote Kansas has appointed delegates and instructed for Seward. Don't stir them up to anger, but come along to the convention, and I will do as I said about expenses."

There is no doubt about the authenticity of these two letters, for both are given in facsimile in Herndon's "Life of Lincoln." They show, as Goldwin Smith says, that "as a politician he played the game." Commenting upon Lincoln's attitude at the time, Herndon, who was his law partner, says: "I know the idea prevails that Lincoln sat still in his chair in Springfield, and that one of those unlooked-for tides in human affairs came along and cast the nomination into his lap; but any man who has had experience in such things knows that great political prizes are not obtained in that way. The truth is, Lincoln was as vigilant as he was ambitious, and there is no denying the fact that he understood the situation perfectly from the start. It was apparent to Lincoln that the Presidential nomination was within his reach. He began gradually to lose his interest in the law and to trim his political sails at the same time. His recent success had stimulated

his self-confidence to unwonted proportions. He wrote to influential party workers everywhere." Herndon is not, I am aware, an entirely safe authority, but there is corroborative evidence in support of what he says on this point. When the time for the convention to meet was approaching, Lincoln wrote to a friend who urged him to go to Chicago: "I am a little too much of a candidate to go, and not quite enough of a candidate to stay away, but upon the whole I believe I will not go."

But if Lincoln did not attend in person, he had an able and tireless body of friends who did go and to whose masterly leadership his nomination was due. Yet after full credit is given to their efforts, it still remains true, as Hay and Nicolay say in their "Life," that "Lincoln was chosen, not by personal intrigue but through political necessity." The convention marked an epoch in the history of such bodies. It was the first of the great modern convention assemblages, which are at once the most impressive and the most tumultuous in the world. It was the first to have a special building erected for its use, and the first to bring telegraph wires and instruments into the building itself. It was the first also to admit the general public in large numbers, for The Wigwam, as the convention building was christened, had a capacity of between 5,000 and 10,000, and it was crammed at every session. The spectators, outnumbering as they did the convention itself five or six to one, played the part then that their successors have played in similar bodies ever since. They con-

sisted almost entirely of ardent supporters of the leading candidates who were there to cheer on signal and to keep on cheering as long as throat and lungs permitted when required to do so. In fact, the modern practice of cheering and counter cheering,



THE WIGWAM, IN WHICH LINCOLN WAS NOMINATED IN 1860.
(By kind permission of the Century Co.)

in tests of noise and endurance, began at this convention. In this first contest the East was pitted against the West from the outset. In the preliminary skirmish for position, the West came off victor. The Seward contingent from New York, several thousand strong, had gone to the convention full of

the confidence of coming victory. They had a gorgeously uniformed brass band, and they marched about the streets with military precision to the admiration of the populace. They announced a grand parade on the morning of the day upon which the convention was to meet. When the Lincoln managers heard of this they took counsel as to what should be done to offset the display. After much debate it was decided to fill The Wigwam with Lincoln shouters, while the Seward men were marching, and to fill all available space so completely that the latter could not get in. This scheme was carried out successfully, the Seward men aiding it greatly by marching and countermarching, under the stimulating influence of popular applause, till so late a moment that when they reached The Wigwam they found that very few except members of the New York delegation could get in.

From the outset, as Herndon says, "the contest narrowed down to a neck-and-neck race between the brilliant statesman of Auburn and the less pretentious, but manly rail-splitter from the Sangamon bottoms." The platform was reported before the nominations were made, and after its reading, which called forth unbounded enthusiasm, an historic incident occurred which should be recorded here. A veteran abolitionist, Mr. Giddings of Ohio, moved that the first resolution be amended by inserting the words of the Declaration of Independence announcing the right of all men to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Several delegates

objected to any change, and one remarked that there were many truths in the Declaration of Independence, adding: "Mr. President, I believe in the Ten Commandments, but I do not want them in a political platform." The convention voted down the amendment, whereupon Mr. Giddings left the convention. Later George William Curtis of New York renewed the motion, and when fresh objections were made he swept them aside with a really impassioned burst of oratory. "I have to ask this convention," he said, "whether they are prepared to go upon record before the country as voting down the words of the Declaration of Independence? I rise simply to ask gentlemen to think well before, upon the free prairies of the West, in the summer of 1860, they dare to wince and quail before the assertions of the men in Philadelphia, in 1776—before they dare to shrink from repeating the words that those great men enunciated." This carried the convention by storm, the amendment was adopted, and Mr. Giddings returned overjoyed to his seat in the convention.

With the naming of candidates the prolonged cheering contests began. The custom of set speeches in placing candidates before a convention had not been instituted at this time. Each spokesman confined himself to a simple statement that in behalf of his state he begged leave to present the name of its candidate. There was only ordinary cheering at the presentation of Seward's and Lincoln's names, but when the Seward nomination was seconded,

pandemonium of the modern type broke loose. Murat Halstead, who was present, thus describes what followed: "The effect was startling. Hundreds of persons stopped their ears in pain. The shouting was absolutely frantic, shrill and wild. No Comanches, no panthers, ever struck a higher note, or gave screams with more infernal intensity. Looking from the stage over the vast amphitheatre, nothing was to be seen below but thousands of hats—a black mighty swarm of hats—flying with the velocity of hornets, over a mass of human heads, most of the mouths of which were open. Above, all around the galleries, hats and handkerchiefs were flying in the tempest together."

When Lincoln's nomination was seconded, the counter demonstration began. "The uproar," says Mr. Halsted, "was beyond description. I thought the Seward yell could not be surpassed, but the Lincoln boys were clearly ahead, and, feeling their victory, as there was a lull in the storm, took deep breaths all round, and gave a concentrated shriek that was positively awful, and accompanied it with stamping that made every plank and pillar in the building quiver." That careful preparation had been made for this is shown by the established fact that the Seward men had engaged Tom Hyer, a prize fighter, with a gang of roughs, to marshal their forces and to lead in the cheering and yelling, while the Lincoln managers had hired a couple of men with stentorian voices, had instructed them carefully as to the methods they were to use, and had placed

them in the galleries which they had packed with their followers.

The night before the balloting began the Seward men were so confident of his nomination that they gave a champagne supper of unlimited dimensions, and marched about serenading the delegations from other states. But while they were drinking and marching and cheering, the Lincoln managers were undermining Seward's strength by persistent work among the delegates, using chiefly the argument that he could not be elected if nominated. In this work Pennsylvania and Indiana played the most prominent part, and one of the most powerful personal influences against Seward was his old political partner, Horace Greeley, who sat in the convention as a delegate from the newly made state of Oregon. Thurlow Weed, another old political partner of Greeley in the once powerful firm of Seward, Weed and Greeley, found himself at last a victim of his own doctrine of "availability" which he had used with such deadly force for so many years against Clay and Webster. It is said that the Seward men promised the Indiana delegates all the money they needed to carry the state, that they said openly to opposing delegates from other states they "would spend oceans of money" if Seward were nominated, but they could not stay the tide that was running against him. Lincoln was nominated on the third ballot amid a scene of indescribable enthusiasm, accompanied by an uproar so deafening that the reports of a cannon that was being discharged upon

the roof of the building were inaudible within it. The Seward men were dazed by the unexpected defeat and fairly prostrated with grief. Thurlow Weed, whose success in defeating Clay just twenty years earlier at Harrisburg, on the ground of "availability," had caused Tyler to shed tears, confesses in his "Autobiography" that when Seward's defeat came he was "completely unnerved and even shed tears." George William Curtis, whose eloquent plea against striking from the platform the opening words of the Declaration of Independence had taken the convention by storm, carrying away all opposition like chaff, was scarcely less dejected than Weed, his sad appearance prompting his distinguished colleague and fellow-worker, William M. Evarts, to say, as he slipped his hand through his arm while leaving the convention hall, "Well, Curtis, at least we saved the Declaration of Independence." Seward was more philosophical than his friends. He sat calmly in his library in Auburn, awaiting the news from the convention. His neighbors were assembled in the village telegraph office, confidently expecting his nomination. When the news of Lincoln's came instead, not one of them had the heart to take it to him. His son, in his "Memoir" of his father, says he knew by their failure to bring good news, that "there was no news that friends would love to bring." Later, when some one mustered courage to visit him, he was told that no Republican could be found in Auburn who felt like writing the customary paragraph in the evening paper announcing and approving

the nomination. He smiled, and, taking up a pen, wrote a few lines commending the platform, and saying that "no truer or firmer defenders of the Republican faith could have been found in the Union than the distinguished and esteemed citizens upon whom the honors of the nomination have fallen." In a letter to Weed, written on the same day, he said: "I wish that I was sure that your sense of the disappointment is as light as my own."

Lincoln was in Springfield when the news of his nomination reached him. Herndon says that "naturally enough he was nervous, restless and laboring under more or less suppressed excitement. He had been tossing ball—a pastime frequently indulged in by lawyers of the day—and had played a few games of billiards to keep down, as another has expressed it, the unnatural excitement that threatened to possess him. When the telegram containing the result of the last ballot came in, although apparently calm and undisturbed, a close observer could have detected in the compressed lip and serious countenance evidences of deep and unusual emotion. As the balloting progressed he had gone to the office of the 'Journal' and was sitting in a large armchair there when the news of the nomination came." He read the despatch, first in silence, and then aloud to the others present, and then arose, remarking that he "would go down the street to tell a little woman the news."

CHAPTER IX.

DOUGLAS A VICTIM OF THE TWO-THIRDS RULE.

The convention of 1860 brought keen disappointment to another persistent and eager candidate for a Presidential nomination, who had behind him as large and as devoted a body of friends as had supported Seward. Stephen A. Douglas, whose memorable debates with Lincoln had given him a fame commensurate with that of Lincoln, reached the climax of his political career at the moment when his party had entered upon the throes of dissolution. He succeeded in getting a nomination from only one section of his dismembered party and under conditions that made it worthless. He had been a candidate for the Democratic nomination in 1852 and had received a plurality on the thirtieth ballot, but the two-thirds rule barred his way and Pierce was nominated in a "stampede" on the forty-ninth ballot. Again in 1856 he was a candidate with enough supporters to prevent any other candidate from getting a two-thirds vote, but as soon as Mr. Buchanan had received a majority vote of the convention, Douglas, who was second in the poll, withdrew in his favor because he had been a persistent opponent of the two-thirds rule and felt bound to bow to the will of the majority.

When his party came together in convention at Charleston in April, 1860, it had fallen a helpless



Courtesy of Harper & Brothers.

THE CITY OF CHARLESTON IN 1860.
(From "Harper's Weekly" of April 24, 1860.)

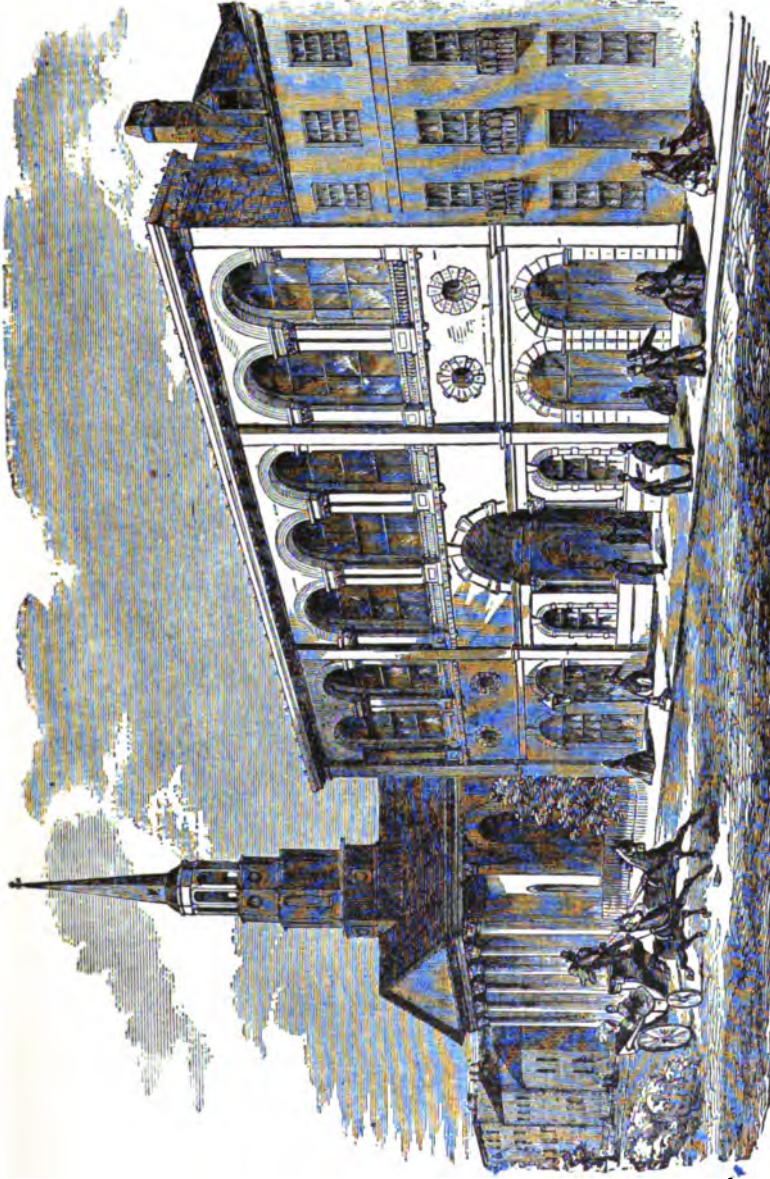
to vinyl
alcohol

prey to the same "irrepressible conflict" that was leading the country into civil war. The Southern members had exerted themselves to have the convention called for the first time to meet in the far South, in the stronghold of extreme slavery sentiment and the cradle of nullification and secession. They had surrounded the convention with the most powerful slavery influences and from the outset there was no hope of agreement between them and the Northern wing of the party. They were irreconcilably divided on the question of the territories and slavery, and every effort to bring them together resulted only in increased bitterness and more fierce antagonism. The convention was in session for ten days, wrangling incessantly over nearly every subject that arose. Threats of bolting began to be made by the Southern delegations on the third day, and before the balloting began a large proportion of them had withdrawn. The delegates who remained adopted the two-thirds rule and the consequence was that Douglas could not be nominated even by the depleted convention. After 57 fruitless ballots the convention adjourned to meet at Baltimore on June 18.

The seceding Southern delegates organized a convention of their own, adopted a platform, and adjourned to meet at Richmond on June 11. When the regular convention reassembled at Baltimore and it became apparent that Douglas would be nominated, the few remaining Southern delegates started a second session and organized a second bolters' con-

vention, nominating Breckinridge and Lane. The other bolting convention made the same nominations after reassembling at Richmond. The regular convention, adhering still to the two-thirds rule, finally nominated Douglas. It could not be said, however, that either he or Breckinridge had received a two-thirds vote of a full party convention, and consequently neither of them could establish a claim to regularity.

There were several manifestations of grim humor about the convention which had so much difficulty in getting Douglas into the field. When it first met in Charleston, S. C., the Northern delegates received a disagreeable intimation of the way in which their party had come under the domination of the slave power. When they tried to march through the streets at night with a military band at their head, which they had brought from New York, they were told that they came under the municipal law of slavery, which forbade band-playing after ten o'clock at night in the streets, since the drums might be mistaken for the dread alarm-signal of a slave uprising. Later, when the adjourned convention reassembled in Baltimore, the temporary flooring above the parquet of the theatre in which the sessions were held gave way in the center, and the delegates found themselves sliding down the shelving sides of a pit into a human maelstrom, from which they were extricated with much difficulty. This the opposition press of the time commented upon as an ominous sign of the forthcoming dropping out of the



THE SOUTH CAROLINA INSTITUTE IN WHICH THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION OF 1860 MET.
(From "Harper's Weekly" of April 21, 1860.)
Courtesy of Harper & Brothers.

TO THE
LIBRARY

(bottom of the party. In the same sessions at Baltimore, Benjamin F. Butler of Massachusetts made a charge that forged tickets of admission had been issued, two of which he exhibited, and declared: "We are overwhelmed with outsiders. I do not propose to sit here under this fraud." The redoubtable Isaiah Rynders asked Mr. Butler, with much eagerness, where he got the tickets, saying he was anxious to get some of his friends into the convention. Before this question was disposed of it caused a violent altercation between a Mr. Randall and another Pennsylvania delegate, in which the "lie was exchanged" with great force and freedom, and after adjournment Randall's son struck his father's opponent a "staggering blow between the eyes," and the latter responded by "getting one in on young Randall's ear, leveling him to the ground."

CHAPTER X

BLAINE'S FATE LIKE CLAY'S.

With the exception of Clay, Blaine was a Presidential candidate for a longer period than any other man in our history. His name was before the conventions of 1876, 1880, 1884, 1888 and 1892, a period of nearly twenty years. He failed of a nomination in four conventions, and was nominated in one, only to be defeated at the polls. Until the last trial he maintained his courage, and if he felt bitterness toward his successful rivals he kept it from the public observation. He entered upon the contest in 1876 under extremely unfortunate conditions. He had been charged with using his position as Speaker for personal advantage and his conduct had been made the subject of an investigation by Congress. A witness named Mulligan had been summoned and had arrived in Washington to testify, who was said to have in his possession a batch of incriminating letters. Blaine called upon him, got possession of the letters, and, in a personal explanation, read them with dramatic effect in the House. His friends declared this explanation to be a complete vindication, but his critics pronounced the letters to be proof of his guilt. The episode came on the eve of the assembling of the convention at Cincinnati. On the Sunday before its sessions began, Mr. Blaine, while apparently in the best of health, was smitten

with what was said at the time to have been a sun-stroke. He was entering a church at Washington, when without warning he sank upon the stone steps, being saved from falling by his wife, who caught him in her arms. He was taken to his home unconscious and remained till Tuesday "locked," writes his biographer and sister-in-law, Mary A. Dodge (Gail Hamilton) "in impenetrable sleep." All efforts to arouse him were in vain till the following Tuesday, when he regained full consciousness, and calling for writing materials inscribed with his own hand the following telegram to Senator Hale at Cincinnati: "I am entirely convalescent, suffering from physical weakness. Impress upon my friends the great depth of gratitude I feel for the unparalleled steadfastness with which they have adhered to me in my hour of trial."

The convention began to ballot on the second day, and, according to Miss Dodge, "Caldest, coolest, most discerning of all, Mr. Blaine sat in his library and from morning forecasted the result." Before the decisive vote was fully counted, his message of congratulation was on the way to Mr. Hayes: "I offer you my sincerest congratulations on your nomination. It will be alike my highest pleasure as well as my first political duty to do the utmost in my power to promote your election. The earliest moments of my returning and confirmed health will be devoted to securing as large a vote in Maine as she would have given for myself."

That he was disappointed and depressed by the

result, even to the point of abandoning hope of success in the future, seems to be sufficiently well established. Col. A. K. McClure says in his recollections: "I saw Blaine soon after the Cincinnati convention of 1876, and talked with him for an hour alone at the Continental Hotel, and I well remember the sad expression of his strong face when he said: 'I am the Henry Clay of the Republican party; I can never be President.' He was standing by a window looking out upon the street, with his arm over my shoulder, and he spoke of his hopes and fears with a subdued eloquence that was painfully impressive. He was again defeated for nomination in 1880, thus suffering two defeats when the candidates chosen by the convention were elected. He was nominated in 1884 and defeated, thus completing the circle of the sad history of Clay and the Whig party."

Miss Dodge bears similar testimony: "Never afterwards did he make one movement toward a candidacy; never did any solicitation thereto receive the consent of his own mind, and never the consent of his lips except as it seemed to him cowardice, the abandonment of comrades and the betrayal of causes, to refuse it. Whatever assistance he subsequently lent to support of his own candidacy was rendered with an insurmountable personal reluctance, from a conviction that it would be ignoble not to do it."

In 1880 the Blaine and Grant forces were not only very evenly balanced, but were so implacably hostile to each other that neither candidate had a chance of success after the balloting had begun. The full story

of this convention will be told in a subsequent chapter. Blaine's supporters secured the nomination of Garfield, and Blaine threw himself into the subsequent campaign with great enthusiasm. When his nomination came on the fourth ballot in 1884, he is said by his intimate friends to have received it calmly, but that at no time during the campaign was he sanguine of election. One of them, who visited him at his home in Augusta, says of him that he was nervous and depressed most of the time, that he walked up and down a great deal, and that he would fling his hands above his head and exclaim: "Will this rain of calumny never cease!" On the eve of Election Day, he said in a speech at Boston: "I go to my home to-morrow, not without a strong confidence in the result of the ballot, but with a heart that shall not in the least degree be troubled by any verdict that may be returned by the American people."

When the suspense which followed the election, due to uncertainty about the result in New York state, had ended in assurance of his defeat, Mr. Blaine wrote to a friend: "I was not sustained in the canvass by many who had personally a far greater stake than I. They are likely to have leisure for reflection and for cool calculation of the small sums they were asked in vain to contribute. If the country is lost, it will be some satisfaction to realize that the class which permitted it to be sacrificed will feel the result most keenly. But I fear you may think me ill-natured if I keep on. I really am not, and feel as placid as a summer's day. Personally, I

care less than my nearest friends would believe, but for the cause and for my friends I profoundly deplore the result."

Mr. Blaine was travelling in Scotland when the convention of 1888 assembled, and he refused to allow his friends to make him a candidate. On receipt of the news of Harrison's nomination, he telegraphed his "heartly congratulations," predicting for his campaign the "triumphant enthusiasm" and "victorious conclusion" that followed his grandfather's nomination in 1840. When Harrison became President, Blaine accepted the portfolio of State in his Cabinet, resigning it and returning to his home in Maine three days before the meeting of the national convention in 1892. It was said by his critics that he resigned because he could not with propriety remain in the Cabinet and be a candidate against his chief before that convention. He had in the preceding February written a letter announcing that he was not a candidate. His action in resigning was construed by his friends as permission to use his name and they did so, mustering for him on the only ballot taken 182 votes against the 535 which renominated Harrison. Mr. Blaine was in Boston at the time and was watching the proceedings closely. "When the vote on a preliminary point had been taken," says one who was present, "forecasting the vote on the nomination, Mr. Blaine saw that his supporters were overpowered, and requesting a member of his family to receive further telegrams, he retired early and was asleep at once and soundly." The same authority

says of the final outcome: "The result of the balloting in the convention, under the circumstances, was not a surprise to Mr. Blaine. His only regret was that his name had been used at all; having been used, a larger vote would have been flattering, but he received the announcement with no apparent emotion and no outward sign beyond the sad smile which spoke of his consciousness of misapprehension and misrepresentation. He was in reality profoundly indifferent."

Whatever his real emotions, they did not prompt him to send a word of congratulation to Harrison, as he had done four years earlier, although he did send a message of that kind to the nominee for Vice-President. Like Clay, who refused to support Taylor at the close of his long quest, and like Webster who refused to say a word in favor of Scott when his life pursuit too was ended, Blaine found himself at last unable to utter a word of cheer for his successful rival. All three men were in broken health at the time, and all soon afterwards found rest in the grave.

CHAPTER XI.

THE THIRD TERM CONVENTION.

The Republican convention of 1880 had the chief aspects of a great battle. More than three-fourths of its delegates were divided into two nearly equal opposing forces, each compactly organized, each ably led, each thoroughly determined upon victory, and each uncompromisingly hostile to the other. Between them stood a tradition which dated back to the very beginning of the Republic and which one of them was seeking to overthrow while the other was ostensibly upholding it. The attention of the whole country had been aroused by a discussion of the issue thus raised, that had been in progress for several months, and the convention came together amid a more intense and acute public interest than had been aroused by any similar gathering for many years.

Soon after the close of his second term as President, Gen. Grant went abroad on a tour of the world, receiving the highest honors from all the chief rulers of the earth in every country that he visited. He returned to the United States in September, 1879, landing at San Francisco. He was received there with a great demonstration of popular admiration, and started thence across the country on what proved to be a veritable triumphal march. Every city in which he stopped greeted him with tumult-

uous enthusiasm, with great crowds, banquets and receptions. Nothing surpassing this demonstration of popular enthusiasm has ever been witnessed in this country. Even after he had reached his home in Galena it continued unabated. When he went a few weeks later to attend a reunion of the Army of the Cumberland in Chicago, more than 100,000 people poured into that city from the surrounding country to greet him. Again, when late in the year he started on a tour from Chicago across Indiana, Ohio and Pennsylvania to complete the circuit of the world at Philadelphia, his biographers record that "it was the same old story in every city—in Logansport, in Indianapolis, in Columbus, in Cincinnati—one continuous blaze of boundless enthusiasm." It was then generally recognized that he was a candidate for a third term. The press of the country was absorbed in the discussion of the question, and constant efforts were made in the early part of 1880 to get an expression from him of his attitude in the matter. The most that he would say was this: "I will neither accept nor decline an imaginary thing. I shall not gratify my enemies by declining what has not been offered me. I am not a candidate for anything, and if the Chicago convention nominates a candidate who can be elected I shall be glad. All my life I have made my decision when the time for the decision has arrived. I shall not depart from my usual course of action." He went on a visit to Cuba and Mexico in March, and from the Mexican border wrote to his friend,

Washburne: "In regard to your suggestion that I should authorize some one to say that in no event would I consent to ever becoming a candidate after 1880, I think any statement from me would be misconstrued and would only serve as a handle for my enemies. Such a statement might well be made after the nomination, if I am nominated in such a way as to accept. It is a matter of supreme indifference to me whether I am or not. There are many persons I should prefer to have the office than myself. I owe so much to the Union men of the country that if they think my chances are better for election than for other probable candidates in case I should decline, I cannot decline if the nomination is tendered without seeking on my part."

He came back to the United States in April, landing at New Orleans and journeying north through southern cities amid scenes identical with those that had marked his journey across the continent from San Francisco a few months earlier. When he reached Chicago he was greeted with an immense meeting at which he was openly proclaimed as a candidate for a third term, the announcement being formally made that he would accept the nomination if it came in the right way. He then went to his home in Galena and did not leave there again till the Chicago convention had completed its work.

The convention met in Chicago on June 2. Senator Conkling was the leader of the Grant

forces and Senator Hale was the leader of those of Blaine. Both bodies of delegates were the outcome of as thorough and as systematic work as had ever been done in behalf of a Presidential aspirant. During Gen. Grant's absence, his friends had been laboring incessantly for him, and the supporters of Mr. Blaine, thinking they had in the third term issue a battle-cry that would prove irresistible, had worked for him with that ceaseless vigor and enthusiasm which only men feel for a political idol, and Mr. Blaine was the idol of a larger number of members of his party than any man in this country had been since Henry Clay. In the opening proceedings of the convention it was made evident that it was war to the finish between the two forces, with no quarter either given or asked. At every session there was an immense throng of spectators, more than 10,000 in number, composed mainly of partisans of the two factions and carefully selected and organized. From his first utterance in the convention to the last, Mr. Conkling's manner was one studied taunt to his opponents. Nothing approaching it in arrogance and insolence has been witnessed in a political convention either before or since. If there had been any chance of a compromise of one faction in favor of the other, he destroyed it utterly in the first half hour. Almost his first act was to move a resolution binding the members of the convention to support the nominee, whoever he might be. In doing this he took pains

to intimate with unmistakable plainness his belief that the Blaine men would bolt in case Grant was nominated, unless they were pledged in advance not to do so. This resolution was adopted, but the debate upon it made him the most unpopular man in the convention with the supporters of all other candidates than Grant, and thus debarred the latter from hope of recruits. His next important effort was to have the unit rule enforced upon all delegations in order that a majority in each should be able to cast the solid vote of the state for the candidate of their choice. Under this rule Mr. Conkling would have been able to cast the 70 votes of New York for Grant, although there were only 51 delegates in Grant's favor, 17 being for Blaine and two for John Sherman. He would have made similar gains for Grant in several other states. In this effort he was no less offensive than he had been in his previous one, and he was defeated in it chiefly through the agency of Gen. Garfield, who, as chairman of the Committee on Rules, reported adversely on the proposition and led the debate in support of his report upon the floor of the convention, closing it with a brief speech, so full of fire and genuine eloquence that it not only routed Conkling, but so stirred the convention, literally as with the sound of a trumpet, that when the time came to look for a compromise candidate, the delegates, with the speech still ringing in their ears, turned to the man who had made it and hailed him as their choice. "Adopt the unit rule if

you will," Gen. Garfield had said in closing, "and I will be bound by it; adopt the individual rule, and I will be bound by that, for two great reasons: first, because you make it the rule; second, because I believe it to be everlastingly right." That phrase, "everlastingly right," sounded the doom of the Grant movement and proclaimed the coming of the candidate to be, for the convention could not forget it or the man who had uttered it.

CHAPTER XII.

THE THIRD TERM CONVENTION

(Continued)

A long chapter might be filled with Mr. Conkling's astounding arrogance. In the first important discussion when he was seeking to have his resolution binding the delegates adopted, the chairman of a Southern delegation began to say something in protest. Mr. Conkling leaped from his seat, strode down the aisle to where the man was standing, placed both hands on his shoulders and saying "Sit down, sir, sit down!" fairly forced him into his seat amid hisses and jeers from all parts of the hall. In making his nomination speech for Grant, he went out of his way to give mortal offense to the Blaine forces and to all other elements of the convention that were opposing Grant. That speech was said at the time to have been a really remarkable effort of convention oratory. It was undoubtedly delivered with great dramatic effect, and it had many striking phrases, as all Mr. Conkling's speeches had, for he was an accomplished phrase-maker; but read at the present day, after nearly a quarter of a century of repose, it seems artificial, labored, and, in many parts, bombastic. Its famous opening passage, set down in cold type, surely comes very near doggerel: "When asked whence comes our candidate, our sole response shall be, he

hails from Appomattox and its famous apple tree." In his written copy of the speech, which was given out in advance to the press, he had this simple sentence at the beginning: "When asked whence comes our candidate, we say from Appomattox." There is dignity, simplicity, and dramatic force in that sentence, which is certainly not to be found in the "improved" version which seems to have been an inspiration of the moment.

Aimed straight at Mr. Blaine and so accepted by his supporters, were the following passages which came soon after the opening of the speech: "With him (Grant) as our leader, we shall have no defensive campaign, no apologies or explanations to make." "Without patronage or power, without telegraph wires running from his home to the convention, without election contrivance, without effort on his part, his name is on his country's lips." Turning toward those members of the New York delegation who had refused to vote for Grant, he said, in speaking of the supporters of Grant: "They hold the rightful rule of the majority as the very essence of their faith, and they mean to uphold that faith against not only the common enemy, but against the charlatans and jayhawkers and guerrillas —the men who deploy between the lines and forage now on the one side and then on the other." One of his phrases which had quite a long-lived vogue was: "His (Grant's) fame was born not alone of things written and said, but of the arduous greatness of things done." When the

balloting began and it was Mr. Conkling's duty as chairman of the New York delegation to announce its vote, he did so with studied insolence toward the anti-Grant members. His favorite formula was "Two of the New York delegates, Mr. Chairman, are *said* to be for Mr. Sherman, 17 for Mr. Blaine. Fifty-one *are* for Grant." He repeated this with slight variations till the chairman of the West Virginia delegation mimicked his manner and method so perfectly that the whole convention roared. After that he did not venture on further repetition, but resorted to such sayings as that a member who was absent was possibly meditating some new form of "treachery."

This convention was, perhaps, the most tumultuous ever held. The 15,000 persons in attendance upon its regular sessions united in "demonstrations" that were of frequent occurrence, sometimes as often as twice or three times in a single session. At one of the early evening sessions the mention of Gen. Grant's name started a wild uproar, which lasted for thirty minutes. The whole vast assemblage appeared to take part in it. In the center of the hall, where the New York delegation sat, appeared the majestic figure of Senator Conkling, standing upon a chair, and slowly waving to and fro the delegation's banner, which was floating from a tall staff, while from all parts of the hall there came a roar as steady and solid and deep as that of Niagara. In one part of the hall a great body of people could now and then

be heard singing "Glory, glory, hallelujah," and in another part others singing "Marching through Georgia." Thirty minutes by the watch this pandemonium reigned, and then it died out from sheer exhaustion. Scarcely had calm been restored when the mention of Blaine's name started a fresh outbreak, a great roar rising from all parts of the house at once. Flags, parasols, umbrellas, shawls, and handkerchiefs were waving frantically in all directions, and in the height of the din a well-dressed woman, who was standing on the platform, leaped upon the pedestal of a small statue of Liberty in front of her, and, leaning forward over its head, waved a parasol wildly to and fro, at every swing of which the huge crowd cheered. Then she caught up a flag, and, winding it about her figure, called anew for cheers for Blaine, arousing an indescribable tumult. In the Maine delegation was to be seen the figure of Senator Hale, standing on the shoulders of his colleagues, and holding high in air upon its staff the shield of the State of Maine. All the time the steady roar of thousands of throats continued without a perceptible break, till, having been kept up for thirty-five minutes, five minutes longer than the Grant roar, it died out as suddenly as it had begun. Thus for more than an hour the convention had transformed itself into a howling mob, for no other purpose than to show that one candidate had as many friends present as the other. Previous to these outbreaks there had been a similar one, a day

earlier, when Blaine's name was mentioned, and there were still others when the nominating speeches were made.

These contests in sheer noise had no appreciable effect upon the balloting for the two chief candidates; they did not change a vote from one to the other apparently. Gen. Grant led on the first ballot with 304 votes; Blaine came next with 284, Sherman had 93, Washburne 31, and Edmunds 30. The number necessary for a choice was 378. For thirty-six ballots the struggle was continued, Grant's highest number being 313 on the thirty-fifth and Blaine's being the highest on the first, falling to 257 on the thirty-fifth and to 42 on the final ballot. Grant's vote stood at 306 on the final ballot when Garfield was nominated.

A graphic picture of Gen. Grant's demeanor while receiving news of the balloting is given in Hamlin Garland's "Life of Grant." He made his headquarters at the office of his old staff officer, Rowley, in Galena, where the bulletins were received. When a bulletin came announcing the presentation of his name by Conkling, and saying that after the Appomattox passage the applause had lasted for several minutes, the "general betrayed no excitement, scarcely interest. A thoughtful look was on his face." When a second bulletin was read saying the "applause continues," a third saying "all order is lost; the hall is one surging mass of humanity," the general's friends assured him that it was settled and that he would be nominated on the first ballot.

He "moved uneasily in his chair and his face darkened a little." Then he rose abruptly, saying to his son: "Come, Buck, let's go home." When he got into the street he walked some distance in silence, then drew a deep sigh and said: "I am afraid I am going to be nominated." When several days later the news of Garfield's nomination came, Gen. Grant said: "Garfield is a good man. I am glad of it. Good-night, gentlemen." To his intimate friends later he made this complaint: "My friends have not been honest with me. I can't afford to be defeated. They should not have placed me in nomination unless they felt perfectly sure of my success." Col. McClure says in his recollections: "On the morning after the convention adjourned he came to Chicago, and I met him at the Palmer House, where he had come to confer with his discomfited friends. His face gave no sign of the disappointment he had suffered. He met his friends in even a more genial way than was his custom. He expressed himself as entirely content with the decision of the convention, and greatly appreciated the support that had been given him. He never looked better in his life, and while I could not congratulate him, I could truthfully express my gratification at seeing him the picture of health and comfort."

PART TWO
CAMPAIGNS AND CARICATURE

CHAPTER I.

ADVENT OF GEN. JACKSON.

The modern Presidential campaign, with its organized uproar, great parades, innumerable mass-meetings, often vigorous exchange of vituperation



JACKSON CLEARING THE KITCHEN

and personal abuse, and (the use of caricature as a weapon of attack, dates from the appearance of Gen. Jackson in national politics.) The advent

of so distinct and so robust a personality seems to have stimulated a resort to new methods of various kinds, both for advocating his fortunes and for opposing him. The use of caricature in our politics dates from his campaign for re-election in 1832, as I shall endeavor to show presently. Campaigning in our modern sense, previous to his time, was unknown. The Presidential candidates were put forward and their election was advocated by their friends and by the press, but almost invariably with decorum and seldom with manifestations of popular excitement. But Gen. Jackson "changed all that" in the twinkling of an eye. He opened his first campaign in January, 1828, with a grand flourish, the like of which had never been dreamed of in previous contests. A celebration of the battle of New Orleans, January 8, 1815, was arranged in that city, and the battle's hero was invited to attend as the guest of the State. Delegations were invited from all parts of the country, and they were present in large numbers. A steamer was sent from New Orleans, with a reception committee, to meet the General at Natchez and escort him to the scene. There was a procession, a banquet and a ball at Natchez when the General appeared there on another steamer which had brought him from his home. The two steamers then started together for New Orleans. As they approached the city, the steamer *Pocahontas*, upon which the General was borne, displayed, says a contemporary chronicler, "twenty-four flags waving from her lofty

decks." A fleet of steamers had gone forth to meet him, with "two stupendous boats, lashed together, leading the van." "The whole fleet kept up a con-



FANCIED SECURITY, OR THE RATS ON A BENDER.

stant fire of artillery, which was answered from several ships in the harbor and from the shore. Gen. Jackson stood on the back gallery of the *Pocahontas*, his head uncovered, conspicuous to the whole multitude, which literally covered the steamboats, the shipping and the surrounding shores."

Jackson landed on the levee amid a great throng of people, conspicuous among whom were many of his brother soldiers. Four days of high festival followed, with enthusiastic speeches of congratulation

from the visiting delegations and stirring responses from the General, the echoes of which floated over the land and stirred it to unwonted excitement. The campaign which followed is said to have been the most scurrilous in our history. Campaign



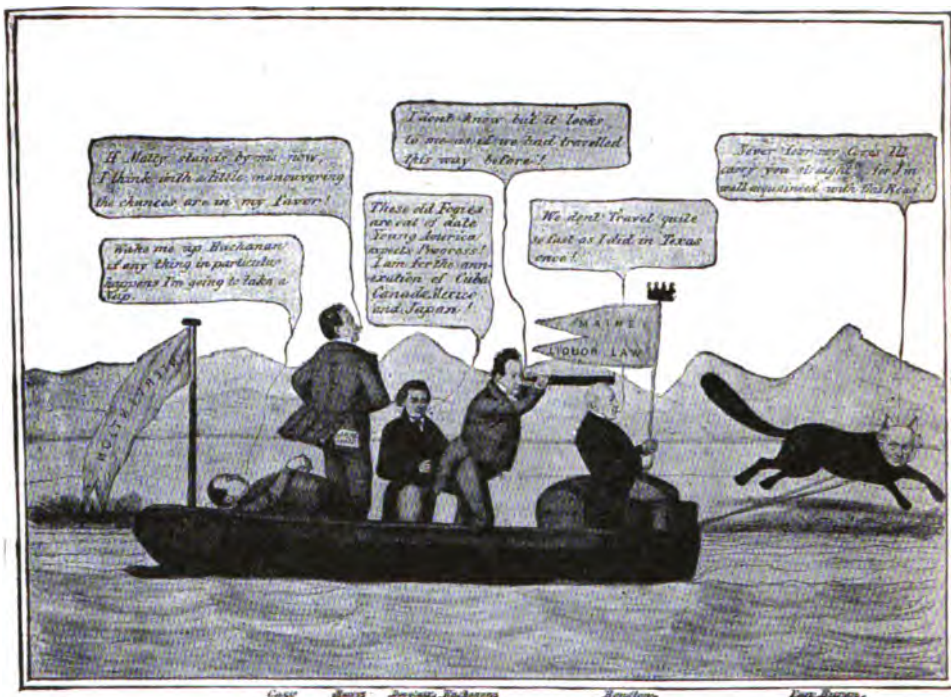
"A BOSTON NOTION OF THE WORLD'S FAIR—A NEW CRADLE OF LIBERTY"

papers made their first appearance, and were devoted entirely to personal abuse of the two opposing candidates—Jackson and Adams. One of these which supported Jackson was called "We the People," and the other which supported Adams

was named the "Anti-Jackson Expositor." Nothing in the public or private life of either man escaped exposure and distortion. Jackson was denounced as a bloodthirsty butcher, a fighter of duels, a murderer of Indians, Englishmen and everybody else who got in his path. Handbills were put forth headed with a coffin-lid bearing an inscription of each victim's death. Peculiar circumstances of his marriage, long forgotten, were recalled and set forth with gross exaggeration, and so large became the volume of slander and accusation that a special committee was appointed to consider the various charges and disprove them, which task it executed at great length. Adams was accused of "bargain and corruption," because of his alliance with Clay, of Federalism, Freemasonry and Unitarianism, of haughtiness, stinginess, selfishness, and extravagant expenditure. One charge which caused great commotion was that he had used the public money to buy a billiard table which he had dared to set up in the White House. This was accompanied with another charge that he had refurnished with appalling extravagance the East Room of the White House in which his excellent mother had been in the habit of hanging the family washing to dry.

These charges are not without contemporaneous human interest, for they find echo occasionally in the debates of Congress even in our day. So also do other charges made by the excited partisans on either side in 1828. The Jacksonian organs declared that if Adams were re-elected, "the next Congress will

be the last that will ever sit in the United States," and claimed that "if Gen. Jackson be not elected, the Union will be dissolved." A suggestion of later



**LOCO FOCO CANDIDATES TRAVELLING,
ON THE CANAL SYSTEM.**

campaign methods was afforded in the use made of Jackson's pet name "Old Hickory." His supporters organized clubs of young men who paraded with transparencies and planted hickory poles, dancing around them and shouting "Jackson forever." The Adams followers would attack these performers

and seek to tear up the poles and bear them away in triumph, with the result of frequent fights and riots.

With Gen. Jackson's campaign for re-election the modern Presidential contest may be said to have been fairly introduced. He had then made a record in office that could be attacked and had conducted all his chief acts as President with such an amount of disturbance that the people were more interested in him as a personality than they were in any one else in the nation. He had entered the Presidency as the savior of his country, a military hero of indomitable valor. His subsequent fight against the United States Bank, his vociferous and uncere-
monious methods of conducting controversies with political opponents, the subservient conduct of his famous "kitchen cabinet," and its dissolution when Van Buren withdrew from it, had combined during his first term to enhance greatly his attractiveness as a popular idol. He appeared before the people as their only champion against the oppressive designs of a huge money monopoly in which the whole world was joined. He was the "People's Friend" in all crises; the giant who, single-handed, was fighting their battles against enemies from all quarters. Every conspicuous act of his public life was performed amid uproar and turmoil. Even when his "kitchen cabinet" was dissolved, there was so much dramatic disturbance that one of the political caricatures of the time pictures him, armed with a churn-dasher, clearing the kitchen of all opponents as with the very besom of destruction.

CHAPTER II.

BEGINNINGS OF POLITICAL CARICATURE.

In waging their war against so picturesque a personage as Gen. Jackson the opposition felt the need of a new and more graphic weapon than any previously used, and they turned to caricature. The talent which they called to their aid was crude in ideas and still more crude in execution, but a great mass of caricature, in the form of large sheets to be displayed in shop windows and posted on walls and fences, was put forth. "The favorite idea of the caricaturists," says one of Jackson's biographers, "was to depict Mr. Van Buren as an infant in the arms of Gen. Jackson, receiving sustenance from a spoon in the hand of the General." Another, which was very popular, represented Jackson receiving a crown from Van Buren and a sceptre from Satan. Another showed the President raving with obvious fury at a delegation. Another represented Jackson and a group of his warmest official supporters, dressed as burglars, aiming a huge battering ram at the United States Bank's barred front door.

The Jackson campaigners did not endeavor to meet caricature with caricature, but went their way "stirring the popular heart." They did an enormous business in transparencies and hickory poles. A Frenchman who was traveling in the country at the time saw so many Jackson processions that he

thought they were one of the institutions of the country, and wrote to his friends at home this graphic and valuable contemporary record of their appearance and character: "Besides the camp-



meetings, the political processions are the only things in this country which bear any resemblance to festivals. The party dinners, with their speeches and deluge of toasts, are frigid, if not repulsive; and I have never seen a more miserable affair than

the dinner given by the Opposition; that is to say, by the middle class, at Powelton, in the neighborhood of Philadelphia. But I stopped involuntarily at the sight of the gigantic hickory poles which made their solemn entry on eight wheels, for the purpose of being planted by the democracy on the eve of the election. I remember one of these poles, with its top still crowned with green foliage, which came on to the sounds of fifes and drums, and was preceded by ranks of Democrats, bearing no other badge than a twig of the sacred tree in their hats. It was drawn by eight horses, decorated with ribbons and mottoes. Astride on the tree itself were a dozen Jackson men of the first water, waving flags with an air of anticipated triumph, and shouting 'Hurrah for Jackson!' But this entry of the hickory was but a by-matter compared with the procession I witnessed in New York. It was nearly a mile long. The Democrats marched in good order, to the glare of torches; the banners were more numerous than I had ever seen them in any religious festival; all were in transparency, on account of the darkness. On some were inscribed the names of the Democratic societies or sections: Democratic young men of the ninth or eleventh wards; others bore imprecations against the Bank of the United States; Nick Biddle and Old Nick here figured largely. Then came portraits of Gen. Jackson afoot and on horseback; there was one in the uniform of a general, and another in the person of the Tennessee farmer, with the famous hickory

cane in his hand. Those of Washington and Jefferson, surrounded with Democratic mottoes, were mingled with emblems in all tastes and of all colors. Among these figured an eagle, not a painting, but a real, live eagle, tied by the legs, surrounded by a wreath of leaves, and hoisted upon a pole, after the manner of the Roman standards. The imperial bird was carried by a stout sailor, more pleased than ever was a sergeant permitted to hold one of the strings of the canopy in a Catholic ceremony. From further than the eye could reach, came marching on the Democrats. I was struck with the resemblance of their air to the train that escorts the viaticum in Mexico and Puebla. The American



THE GREAT PRESIDENTIAL SWEEPSTAKES

standard-bearers were as grave as the Mexican Indians who bore the sacred tapers. The Demo-

cratic procession, also, like the Catholic procession, had its halting-places; it stopped before the houses of the Jackson men to fill the air with cheers, and



THE RIGHT MAN FOR THE RIGHT PLACE.

The Anti-Slavery Standard

halted at the doors of the leaders of the opposition to give three, six, or nine groans."

It has been said of the campaign of 1840, with "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," that it was the first in which the masses of the people took intense interest. In a sense this is true, but at the same time, the campaign of 1840 was the natural development of the methods first put in use under Jackson's leadership. Gen. Harrison had some of the drawing qualities as a candidate that Jackson had possessed. He was a military hero as Jackson was,

and he combined with that attractive quality a simplicity of life and character which greatly endeared him to the people. In attempting to belittle him in the public estimation, the Democrats unwittingly supplied the material for making his campaign at once the noisiest and the best-natured that the country has ever known. They declared that the General lived in a log cabin and drank hard cider. Harrison's supporters at once took this up as their campaign battle-cry. From the moment they did this and put it into effect, all talk of principles and issues departed from the contest. The whole population gave itself up to parades, mass-meetings and song singing. Huge Harrison processions, with log cabins, cider-barrels and coon-skin caps on poles, fairly covered the land. In some instances they stretched from one State into another, all marching jubilantly with their grotesque emblems and singing unceasingly:

What has caused this great commotion-
 motion-motion-motion,
 Our country through?
 It is the ball a-rolling on
 For Tippecanoe and Tyler too.
 And with them we will beat little Van.
 Van, Van, is a used-up man.

The crowds that gathered were simply stupendous—would be regarded as phenomenal even in our day. There was a Whig carnival at Bunker Hill at which 75,000 were said to be present, and one at Dayton, Ohio, at which Gen. Harrison appeared, which was

CHAPTER III.

GENESIS OF AMERICAN POLITICAL CARICATURE.

Few of the Jackson caricatures are to be found now. They were used at frequent intervals, mainly in New York City, in lithograph sheets, to be nailed upon walls or passed from hand to hand. They were crude in drawing, and sometimes coarse to the point of indecency. They bore evidence that their designers had gone abroad for inspiration, taking their ideas mainly from English caricaturists. In fact, our modern school of caricature dates from almost the same time as that of England, and both followed closely after that of Italy, France and Germany. In all these countries the first political caricatures were lithograph sheets, passed about from hand to hand; usually issued by the artists themselves at first, and subsequently by some publishing house. The founder of the modern school in England was James Gillray, who was born in 1757, a few years before the death of Hogarth. His earlier work, which was mainly social, partook largely of the characteristics of the caricaturists who had preceded him. It was generally coarse, and it nearly always made its effect by use of exaggeration. In his later years, however, between 1803 and 1811, he turned his attention to political caricature, beginning with Napoleon as a subject, and adopted methods from which the modern school

has been developed. It would be more accurate to say that Gillray pointed the way to the founding of the modern school of political caricature, rather than that he was its founder. He never separated himself entirely from the tradition, as old almost



THE "MUSTANG" TEAM

as the art of drawing, that coarseness and exaggeration were the essential elements of humor as exhibited in caricature.

The first English artist to make that separation completely was John Doyle, father of Richard Doyle. He began to publish political caricatures

in 1830, under the signature of "H. B.," and was the first caricaturist to preserve faithfully in all cases the likenesses of his subjects, and to give to them their individual attitudes and tricks of manner. He was the real founder of the "Punch" cartoon as it has been developed by Richard Doyle, John Leech and John Tenniel. He preferred to draw single figures, though he sometimes produced groups with several figures, calling his productions "Political Sketches." It is a curious and interesting fact that the United States supplied the inspiration for one of his most successful pictures, and incidentally, perhaps, helped to lay the foundation for the double-page group-cartoon with which we are so familiar to-day. In 1836, Thomas D. Rice, the father of negro minstrelsy in America, went to London to introduce his invention. His "Jim Crow" song proved a great popular hit, and all London went to hear it and then went about singing it. Doyle, with the quick eye which is the *sine qua non* of the true political caricaturist, drew and issued a large cartoon in which all the leading politicians of the day who had been changing their party affiliations or modifying their views were represented as assembled at a ball, and as being led forward, one by one, by Rice to be taught to "turn about and wheel about and jump Jim Crow."

The establishment of "Punch" in 1841 put an end to the lithograph sheet caricatures in England. The famous "Punch" cartoonists, Richard Doyle, John Leech, John Tenniel, Linley Sanbourne and

Bernard Partridge, followed John Doyle's departure in preserving likenesses, but the double-page cartoon with many figures has been the exception



AN HEIR TO THE THRONE,
OR THE NEXT REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE.

with them rather than the rule. The typical "Punch" cartoon is confined to a few figures, frequently to one. While there has been a steady advance in artistic merit since 1841, there has been little change in the general style of political caricature in "Punch."

In the United States the many-figured group-cartoon appears to have been a steady favorite since Jackson's time. Its immediate inspirers were undoubtedly Gillray and John Doyle, more especially

the latter, whose sketches had been filling the shop-windows of London for two years when similar productions began to appear on this side of the water, Doyle had followed Gillray at a considerable distance, however; for he was a far inferior artist in every way, having slight perception of humor and being hard and inflexible in his methods. What Doyle did was to take Gillray's occasional act of giving a correct likeness, and make it his own permanent practice. His sketches are valuable to-day chiefly for this quality, all his drawings of leading men of the period being veritable portraits of real



historical value, some of them the best in existence. Our early American political caricaturists followed Doyle's example as faithfully as their powers as

draftsmen would permit. That they did not succeed very well in the beginning was not strange. Drawing was scarcely taught at all in this country at the time, and the only persons who were skilled in it had drifted here from abroad, and had little



knowledge of our politics and public men. It was only in very rare instances, therefore, that a lithograph caricature of an earlier date than 1840 can be found which is even tolerable, either in conception or execution. There was a slight improvement after that period, and by 1850 a sufficient advance had been made to justify the assertion that the

foundation of a school of American political caricature had been laid. In 1848 Messrs. Currier & Ives began, in Nassau Street, New York City, the publication of campaign caricatures in lithograph sheets similar to those which had been issued in London and other foreign cities. This was the year of the Taylor-Cass-Van Buren campaign, which resulted in Taylor's election. Few of the caricatures of that year are obtainable now, or of those issued by the same firm in the following campaign of 1852. A complete set had been preserved by the publishers, but was stolen during a fire several years ago.

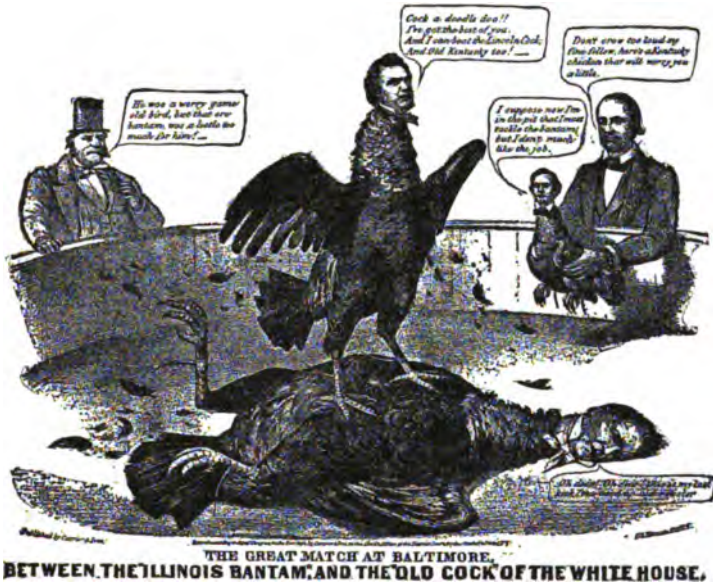
CHAPTER IV.

SOME EARLIER CARTOONS.

I am indebted to Mr. James M. Ives, of Currier & Ives, for much interesting information about the entire series of early caricatures, and for several of the earlier sketches, including the original drawing of the Jackson kitchen-clearing picture. There was a contemporary caricature, now unobtainable, called "Rats Leaving a Falling House," which represented Jackson seated in a kitchen, smoking, while five rats, bearing the heads of the members of his cabinet, were scurrying to get out by doors, windows and other openings. Jackson had planted his foot on the tail of the one which bore Martin Van Buren's head, and was holding him fast. This caricature, as well as its companion, "Jackson Clearing his Kitchen," is believed to have been the work of an English artist named E. W. Clay. Both were published in 1831, soon after the dissolution of the "kitchen cabinet." The faces in the kitchen-clearing scene are all portraits: Van Buren, Nicholas Biddle, President of the United States Bank, and Calhoun stand nearest to Jackson; prostrate on the floor is Dixon H. Lewis, whose portly figure was a conspicuous feature of the Washington life of the time; and fleeing from the room with outstretched arms is Francis P. Blair, editor of the Jacksonian organ, the "Globe."

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An interesting caricature of a decade or so later is that called "A Boston Notion for the World's Fair." This was drawn by Clay, and was aimed



at the Abolition movement, which was steadily making headway in Boston under the leadership of Garrison. Uncle Sam appears in this dressed in the style of Franklin, as was always his garb in the earlier American caricatures. The World's Fair referred to was that held in New York in 1844. Clay is also the author of the single representative we have of the triangular contest of 1848, when Taylor, Cass and Van Buren were the Presidential candidates. Marcy, the author of the phrase "To

the victors belong the spoils," appears in this with a patch on his trousers marked "50 cents," which was an invariable feature of any caricature of him.



‘ YOUNG AMERICA ’

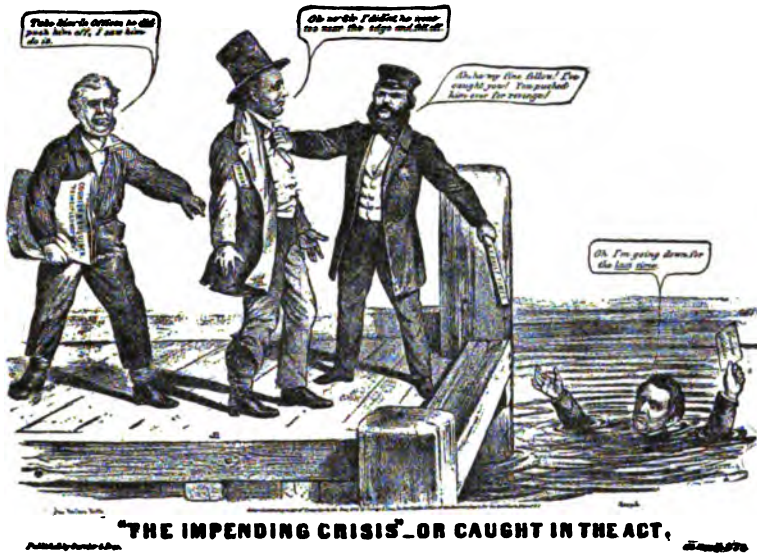
It was based on a report that he had, while Governor of New York, included in a bill against the State, for traveling expenses, a charge "to patching trousers—50 cents," his reason being that as he had

torn the trousers while on business for the State, it was the State's duty to repair the damage. Van Buren is represented towing the boat "up Salt River" because he was the candidate of a faction which had bolted from the nomination of Cass, and was thus making the latter's election impossible. Marcy appears in the caricature of the Pierce campaign of 1852 with his hand covering the patch, he having obviously become weary of the allusions to it by this time. In this picture Pierce, of whom a striking likeness is presented, is borne upon the shoulders of William R. King, who was the candidate for Vice-President, while Stephen A. Douglas assists Marcy in supporting him.

In their original form, the cartoons here given were about the size of the ordinary double-page cartoon in "Puck." With the exception of the two earliest, all of them were published by Currier & Ives. In all of them the faces are carefully drawn portraits, and the figures are presented in natural attitudes. The general style of the pictures is similar to that of the earlier political-caricature period in European countries. The figures are presented almost invariably without background, and each of them is represented as giving utterance to some sentiment which is enclosed in a loop over his head. This use of the loop has been abandoned in nearly or quite all European countries some time before its appearance here. It is to be found in some but not in all of the Gillray caricatures, in some of Doyle's and very rarely in the earlier num-

bers of "Punch." The European artists abandoned the practice when they began to draw and compose their caricatures so well that they told their own story, with the aid of a title or a few words of dialogue beneath them. The early American caricaturists used the loop as generously as possible, as the specimens of their work given herewith testify. Their publishers found that the public demanded this, and that a picture without the loops would not sell. Yet the pictures told their story perfectly without these aids. In looking over a large collection of them, I did not find one whose meaning was not made obvious by the title beneath it. Take the five relating to the campaign of 1856, for example, and see how plainly their meaning appears at a glance. In "The Great Presidential Sweepstakes" Fillmore is starting well in the lead, because as the candidate of the American party he had been the first nominee in the field. Next to him comes Buchanan, borne on the shoulders of Franklin Pierce, whose successor in the Presidency he was to be; and bringing up the rear is a cart with Fremont in the driver's seat, Jessie Benton Fremont stowed snugly in behind, Mr. Beecher lifting at the wheel and Horace Greeley coaxing the sorry-looking horse to pull his burden through the "Abolition cesspool" in which the whole party is wallowing. "The Mustang Team" tells its story with equal directness. Here we have the three editors, Greeley, Bennett and Raymond, astride Fremont's sorry nag, while another of the chief editors of the day, General

James Watson Webb, is catching on behind. This was the forerunner of the oft-repeated cartoon of the present day, in which editors of our great journals



are frequently made to figure in even less favorable attitudes. The Fremont cart has the same look as in the first picture, with the addition of a bag for the "Bleeding Kansas Fund." It is noticeable that the face of Uncle Sam, who figures as toll-gatherer in this picture and who has changed his costume since the cartoon of 1843, is drawn without the chin-beard which he wears habitually in modern cartoons. In all the pictures of this period he is clean-shaven.

No word is necessary in explanation of the picture

in which Farmer Fillmore is about to scatter the rats who are swarming about the "public crib" in the hope of getting possession of its contents. As a prophecy, the picture was as bad a failure as its companion—which represents Fillmore as standing between Fremont and Buchanan keeping them from each other's throats, and as destined presumably to triumph over them at the polls—for Buchanan was subsequently victorious. The early appearance of the "public crib" as a synonym for the spoils of office is a point of some interest. It was evidently familiar at the time this picture was drawn, and may date back to Jackson's time, possibly far beyond that, coming to us from English usage. "The Democratic Platform" gives a full-length picture of Uncle Sam without the beard, but with a costume similar to that which is still assigned to him. The three supporters of the platform are Benton, Pierce and Van Buren. The latter was known as "Prince John," while his father, the ex-President, was known as the "Old Fox." In the caricature Prince John is talking to his father, who is presented as a fox peering from a hole. This picture, which has obvious points of strength, was a very successful one, and had a large sale.

CHAPTER V.

CARTOONS OF LINCOLN'S FIRST CAMPAIGN.

Many of the cartoons in which Lincoln figured represent him in connection with one or more fence rails. He had become the "rail-splitter" candidate in as unexpected a way as Gen. Harrison had become the log cabin candidate a few years earlier. At the Republican State Convention of Illinois, in May, 1860, Lincoln was present as a spectator and was invited to a seat on the platform. Soon after the proceedings began, one of the delegates, the once famous "Dick" Oglesby, asked to be allowed to offer a contribution to the convention. The outer door of the hall swung open and John Hanks, a cousin of Lincoln, advanced toward the platform bearing two weather-beaten rails, upon which was displayed a banner with this inscription:

ABRAHAM LINCOLN
THE RAIL CANDIDATE
FOR PRESIDENT IN 1860.

Two rails from a lot of 3,000 made in 1830 by
Thomas Hanks and Abe Lincoln, whose father was
the first pioneer of Macon County.

This novel exhibit caused a tremendous uproar, with cries for Lincoln. As soon as quiet was restored, he arose and said: "I suppose I am expected to reply to that. I cannot say whether

I made those rails or not, but I am quite sure I have made a great many just as good." An ardent Lincoln delegate said afterwards in describing the scene: "These rails were to represent the issue in the coming contest between labor free and labor slave; between democracy and aristocracy. Little did I think of the mighty consequences of this little incident; little did I think that the tall and angular and bony rail-splitter, who stood in girlish diffidence bowing with awkward grace, would fill the chair once filled



THE NIGGER IN THE WOODPILE.

Published by Howard A. Co., 122 Broadway, N.Y.

by Washington, and that his name would echo in chants of praise along the corridor of all coming time."

The seven caricatures, reproduced in these pages, relating to the great campaign of 1860 were the most successful of the kind ever issued in this

country. Probably the first of the series was that which represents Douglas as the victorious cock in the pit, crowing upon the prostrate form of Buchanan after the Baltimore convention, for Douglas was the first of the four Presidential candidates who took the field that year. This is one of the best-drawn and most vigorous in the collection, and compares favorably with the caricatures of the present day. The two pictures in which Lincoln is the chief figure, "The Nigger in the Woodpile" and "An Heir to the Throne," came out soon after his nomination, and the likeness of him which is presented in both of them seems to be based on the photograph which was taken in Chicago in 1857. It is a powerful face, full of the same sad and noble dignity which became more deeply marked upon it in later years—the face indeed, even then, of the "kindly, earnest, brave, foreseeing man" of Lowell's immortal ode.

The caricaturists of the period were quick to seize upon whatever happened to the uppermost in the public mind at the moment, with which to add point to their pictures. Thus Barnum's famous "What is it?" was used to make a point against the Abolition issue in Lincoln's election. The two companion pictures of this 1860 collection, "The Impending Crisis" and "The Irrepressible Conflict," had a very large sale, exceeding 50,000 copies each. They represent the failure of Seward to obtain the Republican nomination, and in both Horace Greeley is pictured as the chief agent of the disaster. In

one instance Mr. Greeley is depicted as having pushed Mr. Seward off a wharf, and as having been caught in the act by Henry J. Raymond, while General Webb gives evidence as an eye witness. In the other Mr. Greeley is throwing Mr. Seward overboard from a boat which Lincoln is steering, and which is very heavily loaded with the leaders of the Republican party. Mr. Seward's famous phrase, which gives the picture its title, was uttered in October, 1858, and had passed almost immediately into the political vocabulary of the people. One of the most peculiar of the caricatures of this 1860 campaign is that called "Progressive Democracy." The manner in which the heads of the Democratic candidates are placed upon the bodies of the mules in this picture is the same as that employed in all the earlier caricatures before the year 1800, and but rarely after that time. Early in the nineteenth century the caricaturists began to form the human features from the face of an animal, rather than to hang the human head in front of the animal's ears as is done in this picture. The prominent position occupied by the Tammany Indian gives evidence that the politics of that period did not differ in some respects from the politics of to-day. All these caricatures of 1856 and 1860 were drawn by Louis Maurer.

Belonging to a different class of caricatures of this period are four cartoons, published in a series on a single page of Harper's Weekly on March 9th, 1861, relating to Lincoln's secret midnight journey



(1.) THE ALARM.

"On Thursday night, after he had retired, Mr. LINCOLN was aroused, and informed that a stranger desired to see him on a matter of life and death. * * * A conversation elicited the fact that an organized body of men had determined that Mr. LINCOLN should never leave the City of Baltimore alive. * * * Statesmen laid the plan, Bankers indorsed it, and Adversaries were to carry it into effect."

(From "Harper's Weekly." Courtesy of Harper & Brothers.)

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ANNO 1913



(2.) THE COUNCIL.

"Mr. Lincoln did not want to yield, and his friends cried with indignation. But they insisted, and he left."

(From "Harper's Weekly." Courtesy of Harper & Brothers.)

70 yml
ALBOSTYLAC



(3.) THE SPECIAL TRAIN.

"He wore a Scotch plaid Cap and a very long Military Cloak, so that he was entirely unrecognizable."

(From "Harper's Weekly." Courtesy of Harper & Brothers.)

to you
answered

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



(4.) THE OLD COMPLAINT. •

"Mr. LINCOLN, accompanied by Mr. SEWARD, paid his respects to President BUCHANAN, spending a few minutes in general conversation."

(From "Harper's Weekly." Courtesy of Harper & Brothers.)

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ABSORBANCE

through Baltimore in February, on his way to Washington to be inaugurated, and his subsequent arrival. These reveal much of the contemptuous view taken of Lincoln in certain parts of the north during the campaign.



THE 'SECESSION MOVEMENT'.

In the two other specimens of the caricatures of 1861, which are here presented with those of later date, the most interesting is that called "The Secession Movement." This is an almost exact reproduction of a very successful caricature of Jackson's time. Its authorship is unknown. In its original form it represented Jackson "going the whole hog" in

his quest for popularity, reaching out for a butterfly labeled "Popularity," and exclaiming, "By the Eternal, I'll get it!" He was mounted upon the hog which South Carolina is riding in the present picture, and behind him upon donkeys rode the members of his "kitchen cabinet," with the exception of



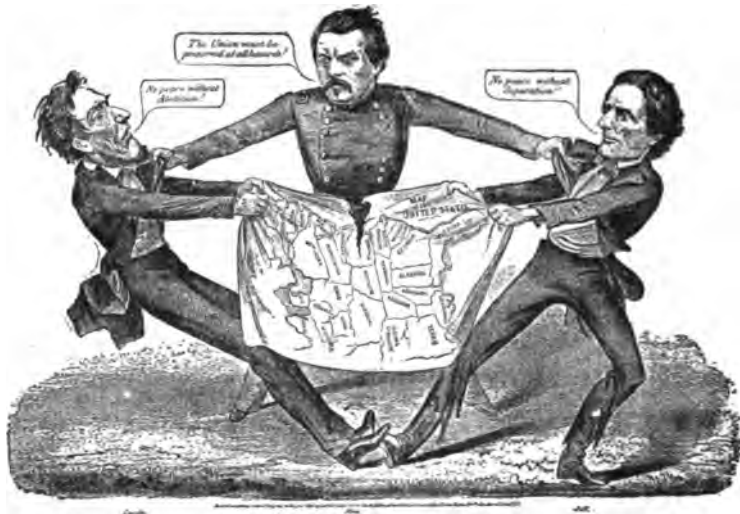
RUNNING THE 'MACHINE':

Van Buren. The latter, mounted upon a fox, was taking the course pursued by Georgia in the later picture, and was uttering a phrase which he had made public in one of his letters, to the effect that, while he generally followed his illustrious leader, he had thought it advisable in the present emergency to "deviate a little." This fixes the date of the

original picture at the beginning of the campaign of 1832, after Van Buren had resigned from the cabinet. The other specimen of the year 1861, "Running the Machine," shows Lincoln's cabinet in session, and gives us a poor portrait of him. The green-back mill, which Fessenden, as Secretary of the Treasury, is turning, shows a productive capacity which will attract the interest, and may excite the envy, of the fiat money advocates of a later time. But the caricature which outstripped all others in popularity in the early war period was that drawn by Frank Beard, called "Why Don't You Take It?" This had a sale exceeding 100,000 copies, and went to all parts of the North. It was reproduced, in a weakened form, and placed on envelopes among the countless other devices which were used in that way to express Union sentiment. An interesting collection of these decorated envelopes is among the archives of the New York Historical Society. Mr. Beard's formidable bull-dog was intended to represent General Scott, and in some of the reduced reproductions Scott's name was placed upon his collar. The caricature hit the popular fancy when the Confederate army was threatening to advance upon Washington, and streets were made impassable wherever it was exhibited in shop-windows.

The publication of these lithograph caricatures was continued through the Lincoln-McClellan campaign of 1864, one specimen of which is presented, showing General McClellan as a peacemaker between

Lincoln and Jefferson Davis. This likeness of Lincoln is so inaccurate as to be almost unrecognizable, and is by John Cameron, the artist who drew the cabinet group. Caricatures were issued also during the campaigns of 1868 and 1872, two of which are given herewith. One represents Greeley in a perambulator propelled by Theodore Tilton, with Victoria Woodhull behind him, and Col. John Cochrane in front admonishing him to quietness. The other represents Schurz, Greeley, Sumner and other leaders of the anti-Grant movement dancing on a gridiron.



THE TRUE ISSUE OR THATS WHATS THE MATTER.

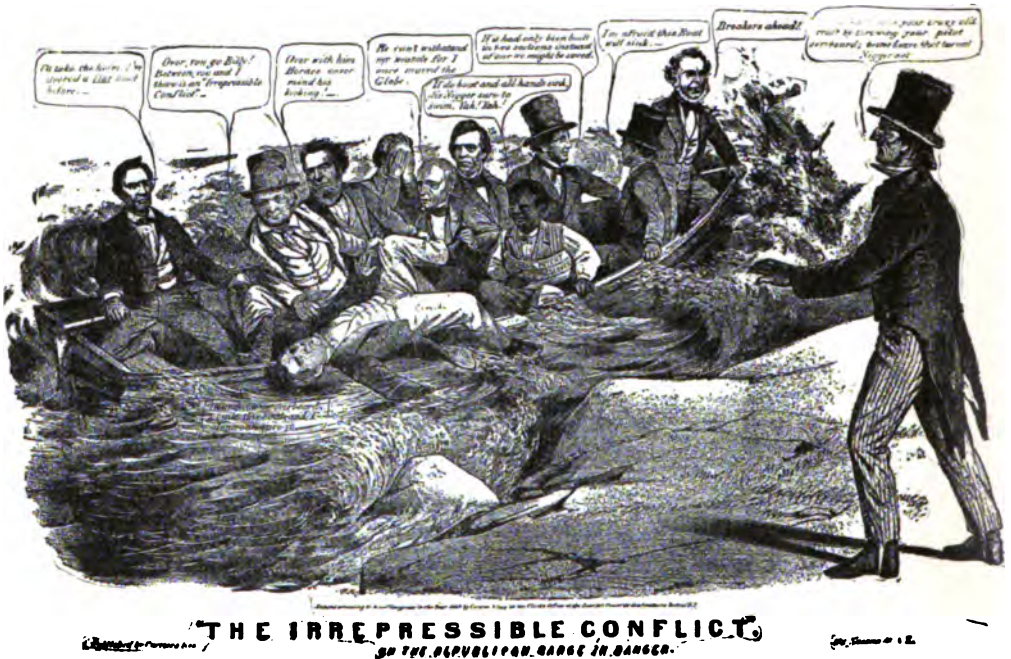
They did not differ materially from the earlier ones, showing very little progress in either design or drawing.

CHAPTER VI.

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY CARTOONS.

The death knell of the lithograph sheet caricature was sounded when the illustrated newspapers began to publish their political caricatures. They did not do this till the close of the war, though Thomas Nast made his first appearance in "Harper's Weekly" while the war was in progress. His pictures during the war were serious in purpose, and cannot be classed as caricatures. He began his career as a political caricaturist when Andrew Johnson started to "swing round the circle," but his fame rests on achievements of a later period. His series of about fifty cartoons upon the Tammany Ring, during and following the exposures of 1871, constitute a distinct epoch in American political caricature. He was unlike any caricaturist who had preceded him, and his successors have not followed his methods. He gave to the satiric art of caricature a power that it had never before known in this country, and seldom in any country. It is impossible to look at this work of his, in the light of what had preceded it, and of what has come after it, and not say that Nast stands by himself, the creator of a school which not only began but ended with him. He had drawn political caricatures before he had Tweed and his allies for subjects, and he drew other political caricatures after his

destructive, deadly work with them was finished; but his fame will rest on his work of that period. While he had no successor in artistic methods, the success of caricature in the pages of an illustrated newspaper was so clearly demonstrated by him,



that he pointed the way to the establishing of the weekly journals devoted to that purpose which sprang up later, and which, for a time, so completely occupied the field that "Harper's Weekly" and other similar competitors practically withdrew from it.

The founder and chief developer of that school

of political caricature in America, as we behold it in the many-colored cartoons of "Puck" and "Judge," was a young artist and actor from Vienna, named Joseph Keppler, who reached St. Louis in 1868 in search of his fortune. He had studied drawing under the best teachers in Vienna's Academy of Fine Arts, but a strong inclination for acting had taken him upon the stage. During the first year or two after his arrival in America he went about the country as a member of a traveling theatrical troupe, appearing in the theatres of many cities, including those at St. Louis, New Orleans and New York. His hand turned naturally to caricature, and after vain attempts to sell some of his drawings to daily newspapers in St. Louis, he started in that city in 1869 an illustrated lithographic weekly, in German, with the title "Die Vehme." The subject of his first caricature was Carl Schurz, at that time a conspicuous figure in St. Louis. The paper had a short life, and was succeeded in 1870 by a new venture called "Puck." Two volumes of this were issued, that of the first year being in German alone, and that of the second in both German and English. The enterprise was doing fairly well, when Keppler was compelled to abandon it. He went to New York city in 1873, where he did some work for a weekly illustrated paper for a time, and also reappeared upon the local stage as an actor. In September, 1876, the first number of "Puck" of the present day was issued in German, and in March, 1877, the first number in

English made its appearance. The "Puck" of those early days was a very different thing from what it became later. Its cartoons were drawn



WHY DON'T YOU TAKE IT?

on wood, and were in white and black. The drawing was strong, but the composition of the pictures was almost as crude as that of the old lithograph sheets. Keppler at first followed the French and Italian schools of caricature, exaggerating the size of the heads and the length of the legs. He very soon abandoned this, however, and began to feel his way toward the gradual unfolding of what under his guidance became a distinctly American school of caricature. In 1878 he began to draw on stone, and in order to brighten the effect of his pictures he commenced to tint them slightly with a single color. In 1879 two colors or tints were used, and

from that time on the growth was steady and rapid, until the bright and multi-colored cartoon of the present day was developed.

No one can look at the lithograph sheet caricatures of 1856 and 1860 and not be struck with the strong general resemblance which they bear to the cartoons of Keppler's day. There is the same use of many figures in both, and the same mingling of editors, politicians, and other prominent personages in groups and situations illustrating and ridiculing the political developments of the day.



Instead of using the overhead loops to explain the meaning of the picture, however, the Keppler school of artists built up elaborate backgrounds and sur-

rounded the central figures with details which, if the cartoon was a success, helped to tell its story at a glance. The artistic merit of the modern cartoon was, of course, far in advance of its predecessors. The style was very different from that of the "Punch" cartoon, which has been developed from the same original source as the American. Both trace their pedigree back to Gillray and Doyle, but the development has been in different directions. The "Punch" cartoon of to-day is confined in almost all instances to a few figures, and, except in the great advance made in artistic merit, does not differ in general style from the "Punch" cartoon of fifty years ago. The American cartoon, on the contrary, was a modern creation. It took the old group idea of Gillray and Doyle, made it gorgeous with colors, built it up and fortified it with backgrounds, and imparted to the figures and faces of its personages a freedom of humor and a terrible vigor of satire which were peculiarly American. The author and gradual unfold of this cartoon was Keppler, who had the honor not only of founding a school of American caricature, but of establishing successful comic journalism in America. He had able disciples and coadjutors in Gillam, Taylor, Oppen, Dalrymple, and others, and an invaluable associate and helper on the literary side in H. C. Bunner; but he was the pioneer.

This school of weekly journalism, with its many-colored political cartoons and its comic and satirical

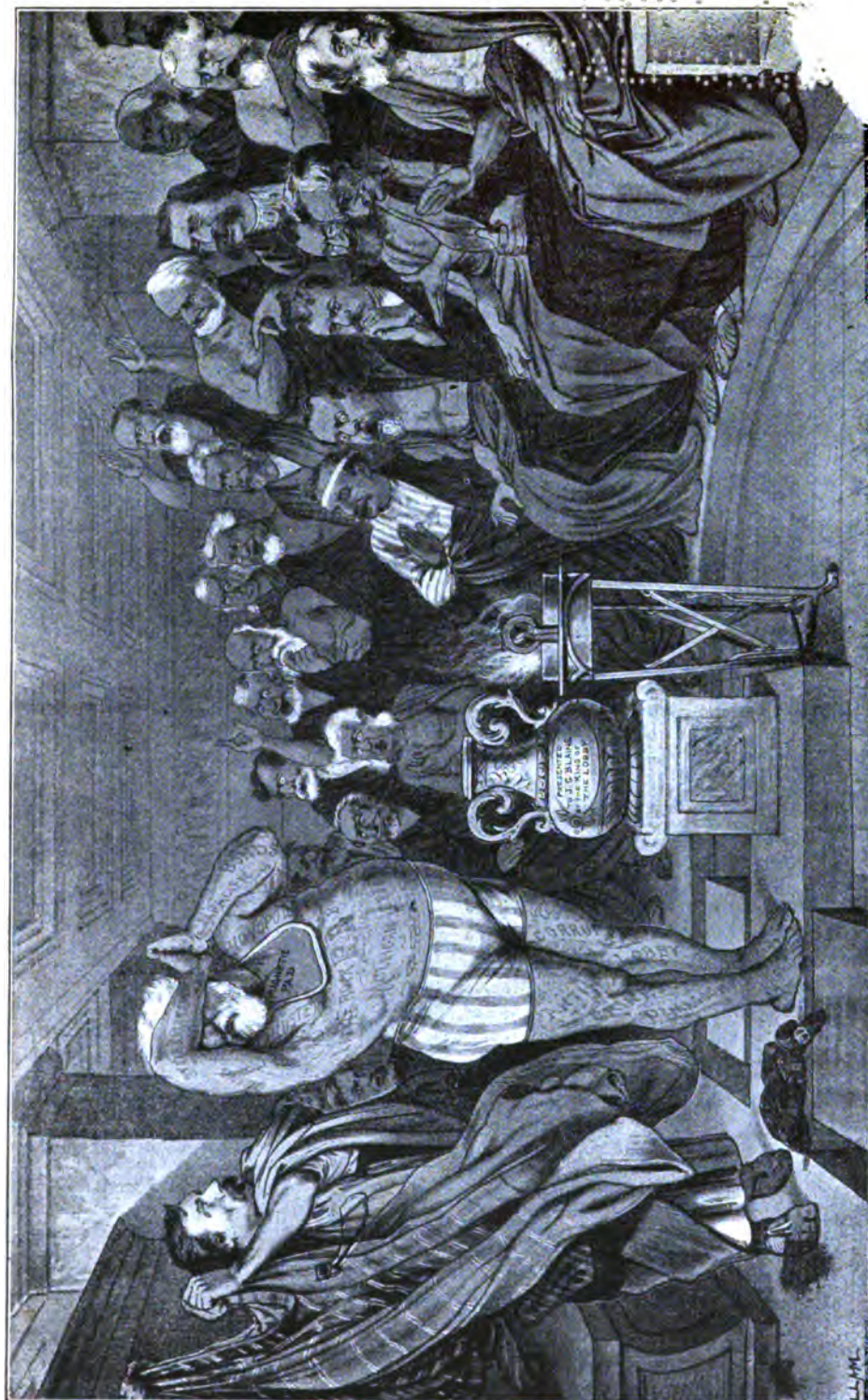


Copyright.

By permission of Keppler & Schwarzmann.

"LOVE'S LABOR LOST."
(From "Puck" of May 7, 1884.)

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anpaula



Copyright.

PHELYNE BEFORE THE CHICAGO TRIBUNAL.
(From "Puck" of June 4, 1884.)

By permission of Kepple & Co.

so will
be done



Copyright.

By permission of Keppler & Behrmann.

"ME AND JACK."

(From "Puck" of July 2, 1884.)

to you
anxious



By permission of Keppler & Schwartmann.

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(From "Puck" of November 19, 1894.)

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TO THE
LIBRARY

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letter-press, was at the summit of its power in the Blaine-Cleveland campaign of 1884. Probably no more terribly effective series of political caricatures was ever issued than that which "Puck" put forth in that campaign. Certainly nothing that the same journal did subsequently in the campaigns of 1888



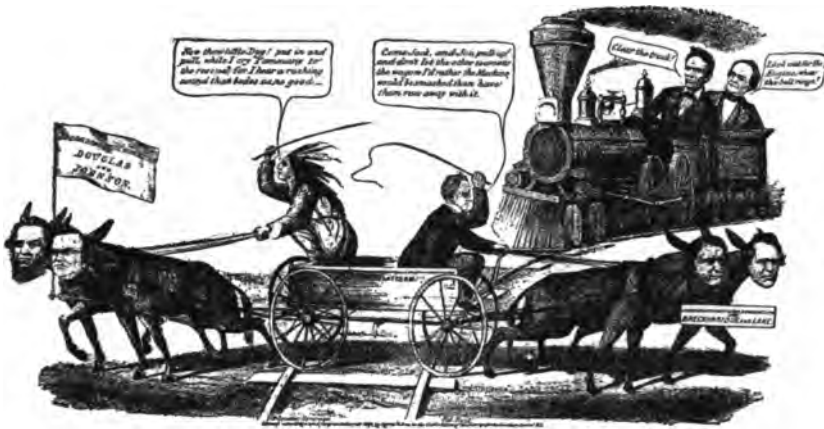
and 1892, while it retained its political prominence, approached them in power. Four of the most famous of them, all from the pencil of Gillam, who was Keppler's chief assistant, are reproduced in these pages. While something of their original force is taken away by the absence of the colors in which they were first published, enough of it remains to give an adequate idea of the extraordi-

nary vigor and merciless directness which characterized them. They literally struck terror to the supporters of Mr. Blaine wherever they appeared, and there was no corner in the land to which they did not penetrate. In this and in several subsequent national campaigns, "Puck," as the representative of the Mugwump and Democratic forces, and "Judge," as the representative of the Republican party, exerted an influence in the politics of the country which was probably greater than that of all the daily press combined. Their weekly cartoons were awaited eagerly, were passed from hand to hand, and were the subject of animated comment in all political circles.

Within the past five years this influence has waned so rapidly that very little of it remains to-day. Doubtless one cause of the decline was the death of Keppler and the ablest of his associates, but the chief cause was the use of the cartoon as a weapon of daily journalism. One by one the leading newspapers of the land have added a cartoonist to their staffs, until the journal which does not employ one has become the exception to the general rule. Many of them publish a cartoon daily, on the leading topic of the moment, political or other, and the inevitable consequence is that the freshness is taken from all subjects for such treatment long before the weekly journal gets around to it. In some respects the daily cartoon is a departure from that of the comic weeklies. It has no color and it is usually confined to a few figures. It attempts nothing so elaborate

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as the double page drawings of which the one reproduced from Gillam's hand is a sample. The work is executed, of course, in great haste and is



PROGRESSIVE DEMOCRACY - PROSPECT OF A SMASH UP.

often very crude in drawing and finish, but considering the pressure under which both artist and engraver perform their tasks, it is surprisingly well done. The increasing demand for men who can do it has brought forward a new school of caricaturists whose most conspicuous members are in artistic ability, fertility of imagination, and forcefulness of expression the equals of the best of their predecessors. The influence which they exert upon public opinion is incalculable. They have largely superseded the editorial page of the newspaper as the moulder of political thought. Where one person

reads an editorial article, a thousand look at the cartoon on the first page. In fact, everyone who takes up the newspaper sees the cartoon and is influenced more or less by its interpretation of an event, or of an individual act. Usually the treatment is good-natured, but in many instances it is partisan rather than judicial, taking the political side held by the paper in which it appears.

PART III.
INAUGURATION SCENES AND INCIDENTS

TO VIBU
AIRPORT

CHAPTER I

THE FIRST INAUGURATION

From the first the American people elected to make of the inauguration of a President a great national festival. They did this spontaneously, and in quiet disregard of all efforts to prevent them. Washington desired to be installed as first President without pomp or parade, as was natural in a man who looked upon his consent to serve as the greatest sacrifice of personal feelings and wishes he had ever been called upon to make, and who entered upon his task with a most unfeigned reluctance, and with a real diffidence for which he did not expect to receive credit from the world. He wrote to Lafayette, soon after the adoption of the Constitution: "In answer to the observations you make on the probability of my election to the Presidency, knowing me as you do, I need only say, that it has no enticing charms and no fascinating allurements for me. . . . The increasing infirmities of nature and the growing love of retirement do not permit me to entertain a wish beyond that of living and dying an honest man on my own farm." Writing at about the same time on the same subject to Hamilton, he said: "While you and some others who are acquainted with my heart would acquit, the world and posterity might possibly accuse me of inconsistency and

ambition." After it had been decided that he must accept the office, he wrote to Gen. Knox:

"In confidence I tell you, (with the *world* it would obtain little credit), that my movements to the chair of government will be accompanied by feelings not unlike those of a culprit, who is going to the place of his execution; so unwilling am I, in the evening of a life nearly consumed in public cares, to quit a peaceful abode for an ocean of difficulties, without that competency of political skill, abilities, and inclination, which are necessary to manage the helm."

In his diary, under date of April 16th, 1789, he wrote:

"About ten o'clock, I bade adieu to Mount Vernon, to private life, and to domestic felicity; and, with a mind oppressed with more anxious and painful sensations than I have words to express, set out for New York in company with Mr. Thomson and Colonel Humphreys, with the best disposition to render service to my country in obedience to its call, but with less hope of answering its expectations."

Yet his journey from Mount Vernon to New York, which he wished to make as private as possible, was converted by the people, overflowing with veneration and gratitude, into an unbroken triumphal progress, which culminated in a series of public demonstrations and ceremonies that surpassed anything of the kind yet seen in the young republic. When only a few miles from Mount Vernon, at

Alexandria, he was greeted with a great assemblage of friends and neighbors and honored with a public banquet. In responding to the address of the Mayor, Washington said: "All that now remains for me is to commit myself and you to the care of that beneficent Being who, on a former occasion, happily brought us together after a long and distressing separation. Perhaps the same gracious Providence will again indulge me. But words fail me. Unutterable sensations must then be left to more expressive silence, while from an aching heart I bid all my affectionate friends and kind neighbors farewell." From Alexandria to Georgetown he was accompanied by neighbors and friends, and even by children, "a company," says a contemporary writer in a letter published in "The Pennsylvania Packet" of April 21st, 1789, "which did more honor to a man than all the triumphs that Rome ever beheld; and the person honored is more illustrious than any monarch on the globe." The people of Georgetown escorted him north till he was met by the welcoming people of Baltimore, and this continuous attendance was kept up till he reached New York. In Baltimore, Wilmington, Philadelphia, great preparations had been made to receive him. There were street illuminations, banquets, military parades, addresses of welcome, and great outpourings of people. As he approached Philadelphia, he was met at the Pennsylvania line with a cavalcade of soldiers and escorted into Chester. In resuming his journey he left his carriage and mounted

a white horse, upon which, in the midst of a troop of cavalry, he rode into Philadelphia, passing under triumphal arches decorated with laurel and evergreen and between interminable lines of people who walled both sides of the line of march. A banquet with two hundred and fifty guests was served. At the close of the exercises in Philadelphia, he was escorted by the city troops to Trenton, where he was again met by military and civic organizations and honored with attentions like those he had received at other points. Through Princeton and Brunswick, amid unbroken demonstrations of honor and affection, he reached Elizabethtown Point, where he was met by the committees of Congress and went on board a barge which had been built especially to convey him through the bay to New York city. It had been launched only two days before his arrival, was about 50 feet long and was rowed by thirteen masters of vessels dressed in white uniforms and black caps ornamented with fringes. Six other barges, with members of the committees and distinguished guests, followed the President's barge as it moved slowly forward to the point of landing at the foot of Wall street. Dr. James Lloyd Cogswell, a spectator of the scene, thus described it in a letter written on the evening of the memorable day:

"From the Battery to the Coffee House, where the General landed, the ships, docks and houses were crowded with people as thick as they could stand. The guns of the Battery were fired as soon as the General passed, and all the people upon the

Battery gave three huzzas. The cheers were continued along from the Battery unto the place of landing as the barge passed. I was on board Captain Woolsey's ship, which lies in the slip by the Coffee House, and had a very fine prospect. The successive motion of the hats from the Battery to the Coffee House was like the rolling motion of the sea, or a field of grain moving with the wind when the sun is frequently intercepted with a cloud."

Washington was met at the landing by Gov. Clinton, and invited to enter a carriage, but declined, preferring to walk to his house accompanied by the Governor. Dr. Cogswell thus describes the procession:

"The procession immediately formed and proceeded from the Coffee House into Queen street, and thence to the President's house. The Light Infantry, Grenadiers and a train of artillery led on the procession. The officers in uniform, not on duty, followed. The General walked after them, at the right hand of Gov. Clinton. Then followed the principal officers of state, members of Congress, clergy, and citizens. The General was dressed in blue, with buff-colored underclothes. The procession moved very slowly and with great solemnity. The windows, stoops, and streets were crowded; the latter so closely you might have walked on people's heads for a great distance. Notwithstanding all the exertions of the guard to keep the crowd off, they were so wedged in by Embree's corner (in Pearl street) that they could not move for some

time. The General was obliged to wipe his eyes several times before he got into Queen street. After they had tarried some time at the President's house, he returned and dined with Gov. Clinton. . . . It is now half after nine o'clock. Since I began this letter I had a call to visit a sick person in Beaver street. I walked up Queen and Wall streets and round by the new buildings through Hanover square. Every house is illuminated except those of the Quakers. The appearance is brilliant beyond description."

The house which had been fitted up for Washington as President was known as the Franklin House, was owned by Samuel Osgood, and stood at the junction of Cherry and Pearl streets, on Franklin square. It was taken down in 1856. Gov. Clinton's house stood in Pearl street opposite Cedar. Washington himself, on the evening of the day, thus recorded his emotions in his diary:

"The display of boats which attended and joined us on this occasion, some with vocal and some with instrumental music; the decorations of the ships, the roar of the cannon, and the loud acclamations of the people, which rent the skies as I walked along the streets, filled my mind with sensations as painful (considering the reverse of this scene, which may be the case after all my labors to do good) as they are pleasing."

The inauguration occurred on April 30th. For nearly a fortnight crowds had been pouring into the city from all directions. Taverns and boarding

houses were thronged with guests, and every private house was filled with them. At twelve o'clock noon the procession which was to escort the President to Federal Hall, where the ceremonies were to take place, began to form at his house. It was composed of a troop of horse, two companies of grenadiers, a company of light infantry, a battalion, and a company of Scotch Highlanders in full uniform, with music by bagpipe. Washington rode in a state coach, drawn by four horses. The military contingent amounted in all to about 500 men. It drew up about 200 yards from Federal Hall, which stood in Wall street at the head of Broad, where the sub-Treasury building now stands, and Washington passed through its two lines into the hall. The building in which the inauguration ceremonies were held had formerly been the city hall, built in 1699. It had served as municipal and colonial court house, debtors' and county jail, and Capitol of the province. When New York was selected in 1788 for the meeting of the new Congress, it was determined to transform this building into a Federal Hall as seat of the new government. Wealthy citizens advanced \$32,000 for that purpose, and the work was begun in October, 1788. It was thrown open for inspection shortly before the inauguration. Among its changes was the addition of a grand balcony at the second story in front, where the inauguration oath was to be administered. An accurate view of this is presented in the cut which is reproduced in these pages from "Harper's Weekly."

To this balcony, Washington, after meeting the Senate and House of Representatives in the chamber of the former, was escorted by the Vice-President, John Adams, and followed by other higher public functionaries. The oath of office was administered by Chancellor Livingston. Washington laid his hand upon the Bible, bowed, and said with great solemnity: "I swear, so help me God!" Bending reverently he kissed the book. Livingston stepped forward, raised his hand and said: "Long live George Washington, President of the United States!" The crowd then broke into cheers, cannon boomed, the bells of the city rang, and Washington, accompanied by the other persons on the balcony, proceeded to the Senate chamber, where he delivered his inaugural address.

Eliza Morton Quincy, in a privately printed memoir, thus describes the balcony scene:

"I was on the roof of the first house in Broad street, which belonged to Captain Prince, the father of one of my schoolmates, and so near Washington that I could almost hear him speak. The windows and roofs of the houses were crowded, and in the streets the throng was so dense that it seemed as if one might literally walk on the heads of the people. The balcony of the Hall was in full view of this assembled multitude. In the center of it was placed a table, with a rich covering of red velvet; and upon this a crimson velvet cushion, on which lay a large and elegant Bible. This was all the paraphernalia for this august scene. All eyes were fixed



Courtesy of Harper & Brothers.

WASHINGTON'S INAUGURATION.
From "Harper's Weekly," of March 14, 1867.

upon the balcony, where, at the appointed hour, Washington entered, accompanied by the Chancellor of the State of New York, by John Adams, Vice-President; Gov. Clinton, and many other distinguished men. To the great body of the people he had probably never been seen except as a military hero. The first in war was now to be the first in peace. His entrance upon the balcony was announced by universal shouts of joy and welcome. He was dressed in a suit of black velvet, and his appearance was most dignified and solemn. Advancing to the front of the balcony, he laid his hand on his heart and bowed several times, and then retreated to an arm-chair near the table. The populace appeared to understand that the scene had overcome him, and were at once hushed into profound silence."

Other spectators do not agree with Mrs. Quincy as to the clothes worn by Washington. According to Washington Irving, he "was clad in a full suit of dark brown cloth, of American manufacture, with a steel hilted dress sword, white silk stockings, and silver shoe buckles. His hair was dressed and powdered in the fashion of the day, and worn in a bag and solitaire." Senator Maclay says he "was dressed in a full suit of dark brown cloth manufactured at Hartford, with metal buttons with an eagle on them." Maclay, who heard the inaugural address, wrote:

"This great man was agitated and embarrassed more than ever he was by the leveled cannon or

pointed musket. He trembled, and several times could scarce make out to read, though it must be supposed he had often read it before. He put part of the fingers of his left hand into the side of what I think the tailors call the fall of the breeches, changing the paper into his right hand. After some time he then did the same thing with some of the fingers of his right hand. When he came to the words *all the world*, he made a flourish with his right hand, which left rather an ungainly impression. I sincerely, for my part, wished all set ceremony in the hands of the dancing masters, and that this first of men had read off his address in the plainest manner, without ever taking his eyes from the paper, for I felt hurt that he was not first in everything."

Fisher Ames, who also heard him, was more deeply impressed:

"He addressed the two Houses in the Senate-chamber; it was a very touching scene, and quite of a solemn kind. His aspect grave, almost to sadness; his modesty, actually shaking; his voice deep, a little tremulous, and so low as to call for close attention, added to the series of objects presented to the mind, and overwhelming it, produced emotions of the most affecting kind upon the members."

After the address, Washington and all the other officials present at the exercises proceeded on foot, accompanied by the same military procession, to St. Paul's chapel, where religious services were conducted by the Bishop of New York. Fisher Ames wrote in regard to this part of the ceremonies:

"I was present in the pew with the President, and must assure you that, after making all deductions for the delusion of one's fancy in regard to characters, I still think of him with more veneration than for any other person. Time has made havoc upon his face. That, and many other circumstances not to be reasoned about, conspired to keep up the awe I brought with me."

CHAPTER II.

JOHN ADAMS'S GLOOMY ENTRANCE

So long as Washington was on the scene he dominated it completely. He came much nearer to having his own way at his second inauguration, in Philadelphia, than he had been able to at his first, in New York, chiefly through the desire of his political rivals to prevent a fresh demonstration of the popular adoration of him. Jefferson's immortal devotion to republican simplicity had its origin in this desire; for he favored the abolition of all public exercises at the second inauguration, and wished to have the oath of office administered to Washington privately at his house, a certificate of it to be deposited in the State department. Hamilton took the same view, but other members of the Cabinet favored exercises in the open Senate-chamber, and their opinion prevailed. There was as large an attendance as the hall would hold, but no parade or other popular demonstration. The people went on worshipping their hero with undiminished fervor, however. They celebrated his birthday with such honors, and in so general a way, that his rivals were more distressed than ever, and began to see in this infatuation a menace to the republic, a threat of monarchy.

The chief sufferer from this condition of affairs

was John Adams when the time came to inaugurate him as Washington's successor. He is the only President we have had, with the possible exception of Mr. Van Buren, who can be said to have played a secondary part at his own inauguration. The people had no eyes for him; they saw only the stately figure of Washington passing forever from the scene. The ceremonies were held in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, in the House of Representatives. Washington drove to the hall in his coach-and-four, and was lustily cheered both outside and inside the building. He passed quickly to his seat, as if eager to stop the applause. Adams entered a few minutes later, dressed in a light drab suit, and passed slowly down the aisle, bowing in response to the respectful applause which greeted him. He took the oath, and then delivered his inaugural address. Writing to his wife on the following day, Mr. Adams thus described the scene in which, as he was fully conscious, he was playing only a secondary part:

"Your dearest friend never had a more trying day than yesterday. A solemn scene it was indeed; and it was made more affecting to me by the presence of the General, whose countenance was as serene and unclouded as the day. He seemed to me to enjoy a triumph over me. Methought I heard him say 'Ay! I am fairly out, and you fairly in. See which of us will be happiest.' When the ceremony was over, he came and made me a visit, and cordially

congratulated me, and wished my administration might be happy, successful and honorable.

"In the chamber of the House of Representatives was a multitude as great as the space could contain, and I believe scarcely a dry eye but Washington's. The sight of the sun setting full orb'd, and another rising; though less splendid, was a novelty. I had not slept well the night before and did not sleep well the night after. I was unwell and did not know whether I should get through or not. I did, however. How the business was received, I know not, only I have been told that Mason, the treaty publisher, said we should lose nothing by the change, for he had never heard such a speech in public in his life. All agree that, taken together, it was the sublimest thing ever exhibited in America."

Four days later, the new President was still dwelling upon the sadness and gloom of the occasion, saying in another letter to his wife:

"Mrs. Cushing will call upon you, and give you an account of what they call the inauguration. It is the general report that there has been more weeping than there has ever been at the representation of any tragedy. But whether it was from grief or joy, whether from the loss of their beloved President, or from the accession of an unbeloved one, or from the pleasure of exchanging Presidents without tumult, or from the novelty of the thing, or from the sublimity of it arising out of the multitude present, or whatever other cause, I know not. One thing I know. I am a being of too much sensibility

to act any part well in such an exhibition. Perhaps there is little danger of my having such another scene to feel or behold."

Doubtless the real cause for his depression was the solitude in which he found himself as revealed in the following passage from the same letter:

"The stillness and silence astonishes me. Everybody talks of the tears, the full eyes, the streaming eyes, the trickling eyes, etc., but all is enigma beyond. No one descends to particulars to say why or wherefore; I am, therefore, left to suppose that it is all grief for the loss of their beloved. Two or three persons have ventured to whisper in my ear that my speech made an agreeable impression."

This was written on March 9th. The gloom and solitude were still unbroken a full week later, for on March 17th he again wrote:

"It would have given me great pleasure to have had some of my family present at my inauguration, which was the most affecting and overpowering scene I ever acted in. I was very unwell, had no sleep the night before, and really did not know but I should have fainted in the presence of the world. I was in great doubt whether to say anything or not besides repeating the oath. And now the world is as silent as the grave. All the Federalists seem to be afraid to approve anybody but Washington. The Jacobin papers damn with faint praise, and undermine with misrepresentation and insinuation. If the Federalists go to playing pranks, I will resign the office and let Jefferson lead them to peace,

wealth and power if he will. From the situation where I now am, I see a scene of ambition beyond all my former suspicion or imagination; an emulation which will turn our government topsy-turvy. Jealousies and rivalries have been my theme, and checks and balances as their antidotes till I am ashamed to repeat the words; but they never stared me in the face in such horrid forms as at present."

To the account which Mr. Adams gave of the inauguration scene should be added the striking picture of what followed when the ceremonies were ended. William A. Duer, who was President of Columbia College between 1829 and 1842, says, in his personal recollections, that, when at the close Washington moved toward the door, there was a precipitate rush from the gallery and corridors for the street, and he found a great throng awaiting him as he emerged from the door. They cheered him, and he waved his hat to them, his countenance radiant with benignity, his gray hair streaming in the wind. He walked to his house, followed by the crowd, and on reaching it turned about for a final greeting. His countenance assumed a grave and almost melancholy expression, his eyes were bathed in tears, and only by gestures could he indicate his thanks and convey his farewell blessing.

CHAPTER III.

THE TRUTH ABOUT JEFFERSONIAN SIMPLICITY

No inauguration myth has been more tenacious of life than that which pictured Jefferson, attired as a plain citizen, riding on horseback to the Capitol, hitching his horse to the palings, and walking, unattended, into the Senate-chamber to take the oath as President. To have done this would have been in accordance with his previous utterances, for he had strongly condemned as savoring of monarchy all public ceremony at the swearing in of a President. When the time for his own inauguration arrived, however, the case seems to have looked different to him. Whether it was because he was to be the first President inaugurated at the new Capitol, or because of an unwillingness to disappoint the large numbers of his friends and partisans who had assembled to honor him, is not clear; but the fact is that he did permit a considerable display at the ceremonies. He was met at the door of his boarding house, which was only a stone's throw from the Capitol, by a militia artillery company and a procession of citizens, and, escorted by these, he went on foot to the Capitol. The horseback story, or "fake," as it would be denominated in modern journalism, was the invention of an Englishman named John Davis, who put it in a book of American travels which he published in

London two years later. In order to give it an air of veracity, Davis declared that he was present at the inauguration, which was not true. A veracious account of the ceremonies was sent to England by Edward Thornton, who was then in charge of the British legation at Washington. He enclosed a copy of the new President's inaugural address, and, after making some comments upon its democratic tendencies, went on to say:

"The same republican spirit which runs through this performance, and which in many passages discovers some bitterness through all the sentiments of conciliation and philanthropy with which it is overcharged, Mr. Jefferson affected to display in performing the customary ceremonies. He came from his own lodgings to the house where the Congress convenes, and which goes by the name of the Capitol, on foot, in his ordinary dress, escorted by a body of militia artillery from the neighboring State, and accompanied by the Secretaries of the Navy and the Treasury, and a number of his political friends in the House of Representatives. He was received by Mr. Burr, the Vice-President of the United States, who arrived a day or two ago at the seat of government, and who was previously admitted this morning to the chair of the Senate; and was afterward complimented at his own lodgings by the very few foreign agents who reside at this place, by the members of Congress, and other public officials."

The new Capitol was then in process of construc-

tion. Only the north wing was so far completed as to be occupied by the Senate, the courts and the small library of Congress. To the north wing Jefferson, accompanied by a few officials and his friends, proceeded. On reaching the Senate-chamber in which he was to be inaugurated, Jefferson became a member of one of the most striking groups ever gathered in a public place. On one side of him stood John Marshall, as Chief Justice to administer the oath, and on the other Aaron Burr, who was to be sworn in as Vice-President. As described by his contemporaries, Jefferson was a remarkable personage. He was very tall, six feet two and a half inches in height, with a sandy complexion, awkward manners, and shy and cold in bearing. Senator Maclay wrote this description of him as he appeared in 1790:

“Jefferson is a slender man, has rather the air of stiffness in his manner. His clothes seem too small for him. He sits in a lounging manner, on one hip commonly, and with one of his shoulders elevated much above the other. His face has a sunny aspect. His whole figure has a loose, shackling air. He had a rambling, vacant look, and nothing of that firm, collected deportment which I expected would dignify the presence of a secretary or minister. I looked for gravity, but a laxity of manner seemed shed about him. He spoke almost without ceasing; but even his discourse partook of his personal demeanor. It was loose and rambling; and yet he

scattered information wherever he went, and some even brilliant sentiments sparkled from him."

Joseph Story, writing of John Marshall in 1808, thus pictured him:

"A tall, slender figure, not graceful or imposing, but erect and steady. His hair is black, his eyes small and twinkling, his forehead rather low; but his features are in general harmonious. His manners are plain yet dignified, and an unaffected modesty diffuses itself through all his actions. His dress is very simple, yet neat; his language chaste, but hardly elegant; it does not flow rapidly, but it seldom wants precision. In conversation he is quite familiar, but is occasionally embarrassed by a hesitancy and drawling. . . . I love his laugh,—it is too hearty for an intriguer; and his good temper and unwearied patience are equally agreeable on the bench and in the study."

Burr, the third personage in this group, was rather small in stature, but dignified and easy in manners and dressed with aristocratic care. He was, says Henry Adams, in his "History of the United States," to which I am indebted for most of the material of this chapter, "An aristocrat imbued in the morality of Lord Chesterfield and Napoleon Bonaparte. Colonel Burr was the chosen head of Northern democracy, idol of the wards of New York city, and aspirant to the highest offices he could reach by means legal or beyond the law; for, as he pleased himself with saying, after the

manner of the First Consul of the French Republic, 'Great souls care little for small morals'."

The three men were agreed in one respect: they distrusted and disliked one another thoroughly. Jefferson both feared and hated Marshall, saying of him that he had a mind of that gloomy malignity which would never let him forego the opportunity of satiating it on a victim. Marshall said of Jefferson, shortly before the inauguration, that by weakening the office of President he would increase his personal power, and that his letters had shown that his morals could not be pure. Both Jefferson and Marshall looked upon Burr as a political and social adventurer who was living up to his own creed, "Great souls care little for small morals."

The outgoing President, Mr. Adams, was not present at the exercises; but he undoubtedly took a grim pleasure in the presence of Marshall, whom he had made Chief Justice, greatly to the wrath of Jefferson, only a few weeks before. After the ceremonies the new President proceeded to the Executive mansion, or "The Palace," as it was then styled, in the same manner as he had gone to the Capitol.

CHAPTER IV

INAUGURATION CLOTHES AND CUSTOMS

Washington set the example, which has been followed at frequent intervals by new Presidents even to our day, of wearing at the first inauguration ceremonies clothing of American manufacture. He was dressed in a suit of dark cloth made at Hartford. I have been able to find no mention of the nationality of the "light drab suit" which John Adams wore. Jefferson was inaugurated in his "every-day clothes," which may or may not have been exclusively American; but before the end of his service as President he appeared at his New Year reception dressed in an entire suit of homespun. Madison carried the matter a step further; for, as he passed down the aisle of the House of Representatives to be inaugurated, he was spoken of as a "walking argument in favor of the encouragement of native wool." His coat had been made on the farm of Colonel Humphreys, and his waistcoat and small-clothes on that of Chancellor Livingston, all from the wool of merino sheep raised in the country. John Quincy Adams says in his Diary that the house was very much crowded, and that its appearance was magnificent, but that Mr. Madison read his address in a tone so low that it could not be heard. Contemporary descriptions of Madison picture him

as a small, modest and jovial man. Washington Irving wrote of him in 1812, at the time of his second election to the Presidency: "As to Jemmy Madison, —oh, poor Jemmy!—he is but a withered little apple-john."

Grigsby, in his "Convention of 1776," says: "In his dress he was not at all eccentric or given to dandyism, but always appeared neat and genteel, and in the costume of a well-bred and tasty old-school gentleman. I have heard in early life he sometimes wore light-colored clothes; but from the time I first knew him . . . never any other color than black, his coat being cut in what is termed dress-fashion; his breeches short, with buckles at the knees, black silk stockings, and shoes with strings or long fair top-boots when out in cold weather, or when he rode on horse-back, of which he was fond. . . . He wore powder on his hair, which was dressed full over the ears, tied behind, and brought to a point above the forehead, to cover in some degree his baldness, as may be noticed in all the likenesses taken of him."

Sir Augustus Foster, whom President Madison sent out of the country in 1812, when the war with England came on, wrote of him: "I thought Mr. Jefferson more of a statesman and man of the world than Mr. Madison, who was rather too much the disputatious pleader; yet the latter was better informed, and, moreover, a social, jovial, and good-humored companion, full of anecdote, sometimes rather of a loose description, but oftener of a political

and historical interest. He was a little man, with small features, rather weazened when I saw him, but occasionally lit up with a good-natured smile. He wore a black coat, stockings with shoes buckled, and had his hair powdered, with a tail."

American wool seems, therefore, to have made its first appearance as a "walking argument" under favorable conditions. John Quincy Adams, according to his biographer, Mr. Morse, "was dressed in a black suit of which all the materials were of American manufacture."

I can find no mention anywhere of the clothes worn by James Monroe when he was inaugurated in 1817. The occasion was notable chiefly for being the first one held out of doors since the seat of government had been moved to Washington. There had been out-of-door exercises when Washington was installed in New York, but all his successors till Monroe had been inaugurated within doors. It is said by some authorities that the proposal to change to the open air in 1817 was the outcome of a long and bitter wrangle between the two Houses as to the division of seats in the House at the ceremonies. Agreement being apparently impossible, some one suggested that by going out of doors, room enough could be found for everybody, and the idea was acted upon joyfully. An elevated platform was erected for the occasion under the unfinished portico of the Capitol, and from this Monroe delivered his inaugural address to the largest assemblage that had yet been gathered there. The day was balmy and

beautiful. The "National Intelligencer" said of the assemblage: "Such a concourse was never before seen in Washington; the number of persons present has actually been estimated at from five to eight thousand. Yet notwithstanding the magnitude of the assemblage, we have heard of no accident." There were no outdoor exercises at Monroe's second inauguration, the weather being stormy, rain and snow falling throughout the day. The attendance on this occasion did not exceed two thousand persons. John Quincy Adams was also inaugurated indoors four years later, and it was not till the advent of General Jackson, in 1829, that the outdoor exercises became the established custom.

CHAPTER V

THE JACKSON INVASION

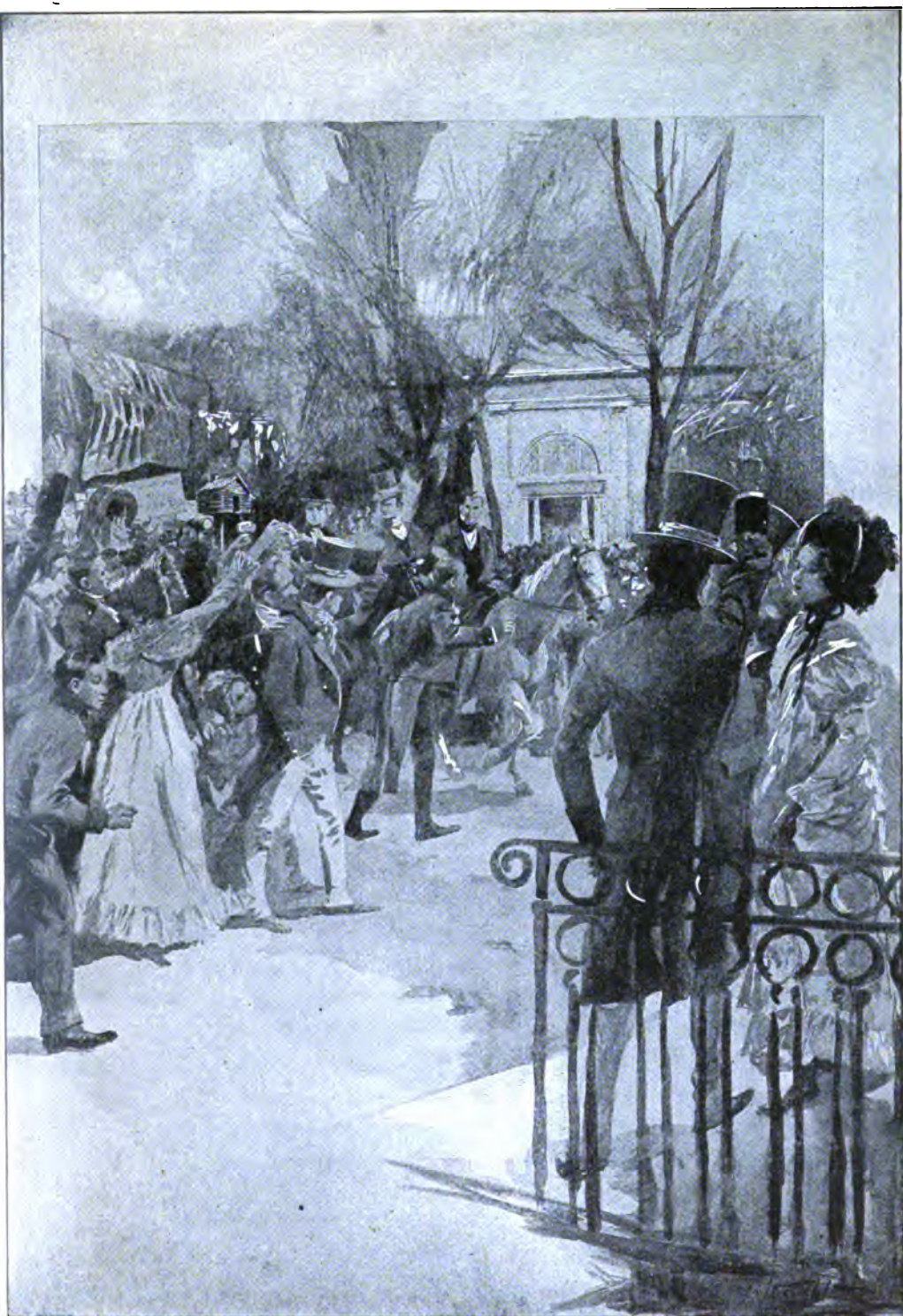
Jackson's entry upon the Presidency has been likened repeatedly to the descent of the barbarians upon Rome. It was accompanied with a huge multitude of people from all parts of the land, and by an amount of uproar altogether unprecedented. Webster wrote from the capital, several days before the inauguration, that the city was full of speculation and speculators, there being a great multitude, too many to be fed without a miracle, and all hungry for office. "I never saw such a crowd before," he added. "Persons have come five hundred miles to see General Jackson, and they really seem to think that the country is rescued from some dreadful danger." They surged through the streets shouting, "Hurrah for Jackson!" They swarmed about Gadsby's tavern, where the General lodged, in such masses as completely to hem it in and make access to his presence nearly impossible. A contemporary writer, Arthur J. Stansbury, thus described the situation:

"No one who was at Washington at the time of General Jackson's inauguration is likely to forget that period to the day of his death. To us, who had witnessed the quiet and orderly period of the Adams administration, it seemed as if half the nation had

rushed at once into the capital. It was like the inundation of the northern barbarians into Rome, save that the tumultuous tide came in from a different point of the compass. The West and the South seemed to have precipitated themselves upon the North and overwhelmed it. On that memorable occasion you might tell a 'Jackson man' almost as far as you could see him. Their every motion seemed to cry out 'Victory!' Strange faces filled every public place, and every face seemed to bear defiance on its brow. It appeared to me that every Jackson editor in the country was on the spot. They swarmed especially in the lobbies of the House, an expectant host, a sort of Prætorian band, which, having borne in upon their shields their idolized leader, claimed the reward of the hard-fought contest. His quarters were assailed, surrounded, hemmed in, so that it was an achievement to get into his presence. On the morning of the inauguration, the vicinity of the Capitol was like a great, agitated sea; every avenue to the fateful spot was blocked up with people, insomuch that the legitimate procession which accompanied the President-elect could scarce make its way to the eastern portico, where the ceremony was to be performed. To repress the crowd in front, a ship's cable was stretched across about two-thirds of the way up the long flight of steps by which the Capitol is approached on that side, but it seemed at times as if even this would scarce prove sufficient to restrain the eagerness of the multitude, every man of whom seemed bent on

the glory of shaking the President's hand. Never can I forget the spectacle which presented itself on every side, nor the electrifying moment when the eager, expectant eyes of that vast and motley multitude caught sight of the tall and imposing form of their adored leader, as he came forth between the columns of the portico; the color of the whole mass changed as if by a miracle; all hats were off at once, and the dark tint which usually pervades a mixed map of men was turned, as by a magic wand, into the bright hue of ten thousand upturned and exultant human faces, radiant with sudden joy. The peal of shouting that arose rent the air, and seemed to shake the very ground. But when the Chief Justice took his place and commenced the brief ceremony of administering the oath of office, it quickly sank into comparative silence; and as the new President proceeded to read his inaugural address, the stillness gradually increased; but all efforts to hear him, beyond the brief space immediately around, were utterly vain."

An eyewitness, who took a somewhat jocose view of the day's events, wrote that the most remarkable feature about Jackson as he marched down the aisle of the Senate with a quick, large step, as though he proposed to storm the Capitol, was his double pair of spectacles. He habitually wore two pairs, one for reading and the other for seeing at a distance, the pair not in use being placed across the top of his head. On this occasion, says the eyewitness, the pair on his head reflected the light;



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THE HARRISON TIPPECANOE INAUGURATION PARADE.

and some of the rural admirers of the old hero were firmly persuaded that they were two plates of metal let into his head to close up holes made by British bullets.

The ceremony ended, the General mounted his horse to proceed to the White House, and the whole crowd followed him. "The President," says a contemporary writer, "was literally pursued by a motley concourse of people, riding, running helter-skelter, striving who should first gain admittance into the Executive mansion, where it was understood that refreshments were to be distributed." An abundance of refreshments had been provided, including many barrels of orange punch. As the waiters opened the doors to bring out the punch in pails, the crowd rushed in upon them, upsetting the pails and breaking the glasses. Inside the house the crush was so great that distribution of refreshments was impossible, and tubs of orange punch were set out in the grounds to entice people from the rooms. Jackson himself was so pressed against the wall of the reception-room that he was in danger of injury, and was protected by a number of men linking arms and forming a barrier against the crowd. Men with boots heavy with mud stood on the satin-covered chairs and sofas in their eagerness to get a view of the hero. Judge Story wrote that the crowd contained all sorts of people, from the highest and most polished down to the most vulgar and gross in the nation. "I never saw such a mixture," he added. "The reign of King Mob

seemed triumphant. I was glad to escape from the scene as soon as possible."

Jackson's second inauguration was in marked contrast to the first. In accordance with an unbroken line of precedents since Washington's day, these second-term exercises were brief and simple. They were held in the House of Representatives, in the presence of the two Houses of Congress and the assembled dignitaries of the home and foreign governments. Jackson's personal appearance at this time is graphically described by Schouler, in his "History of the United States":

"His modest but distinguished mien prepossessed all hearts in his favor. Both Houses of Congress received him with every token of respect. Among foreign Ministers, resplendent in gold lace, and officers in their uniforms, he stood contrasted in plain black suit with not a single decoration: an elderly man, tall, spare and bony, and by no means robust in aspect. His dark blue eyes peered out searchingly from beneath heavy eyebrows and a wrinkled forehead, high but narrow; his firm-set mouth and chin worked almost convulsively with the play of his emotions. His thick hair, bristling stiffly up in front, was by this time perfectly white, and, being brushed upward and back from the brow, gave to his long and beardless face a delicate look, almost womanly in repose, which could not be forgotten. He was dressed in the plain, civilian suit of the period, with watch-seal dangling from the fob, a shirt slightly ruffled, and starched collar-

points standing sentinel on the chin, which rose resolute from the constraint of a stiff black stock.”

CHAPTER VI

UNIQUE DISTINCTION OF THE ADAMSES

Neither of the two Adamses who filled the Presidency attended the inauguration ceremonies of his successor. No other President that the country has had, with the exception of Andrew Johnson, has this distinction, and there were special reasons in Johnson's case. Col. A. K. McClure states these as follows: "Grant and Johnson had an acrimonious dispute when Grant, as Secretary of War, *ad interim*, admitted Stanton back to the office after the Senate had refused to approve his removal by the President, and from that time Grant and Johnson never met or exchanged courtesies on any other than official occasions, where the necessity for it was imperative. When the arrangements were about to be made for the inauguration of Grant, he peremptorily refused to permit President Johnson to accompany him in the carriage to the Capitol for the inauguration ceremonies, and Johnson did not make his appearance on that occasion." No excuse or defence of John Adams's conduct in refusing to attend the inauguration of Jefferson has been advanced. His descendant, Henry Adams, in his "History of the United States," makes a tentative effort to excuse him by saying: "The retiring President was not present at the installation of his successor. In

Jefferson's eyes a revolution had taken place as vast as that of 1776; and if this was his belief, perhaps the late President was wise to retire from a stage where everything was arranged to point a censure upon his principles, and where he would have seemed, in his successor's opinion, as little in place as George III. would have appeared at the installation of President Washington."

One biographer of Adams, John T. Morse, Jr., rejects this excuse as purposeless, and says: "Adams sat signing appointments to office and attending to business till near the close of the last hour of his term. Then, before the people were astir on the morning which ushered in the day of Jefferson's inauguration, he drove out of Washington. It was the worst possible manifestation of all those petty faults which formed such vexatious blemishes in Adams's singularly compounded character. He was crushed beneath an intense disappointment which he did not deserve; he was humiliated by an unpopularity which he did not merit."

There is no allusion to the matter in the letters of Adams to his wife. The series of published letters to her from him closes with Feb. 16, 1801, and in the final letter he says:

"The election will be decided this day in favor of Mr. Jefferson, as it is given out by good authority. The burden upon me in nominating judges and consuls and other officers, in delivering over the furniture, in the ordinary business at the close of a session, and in preparing for my journey of five hun-

dred miles through the mire, is and will be very heavy. My time will all be taken up."

In the case of John Quincy Adams, there was much more excuse. The main reason for his absence from Jackson's inauguration was stated tersely in "Niles's Register" of March 27, 1827: "It is proper to mention, for the preservation of facts, that General Jackson did not call upon President Adams, and that Mr. Adams gave not his attendance at the installation of President Jackson." This conduct must have been a cause of grief to the editor of the "National Intelligencer," for four years earlier he had written, when describing the scene which followed the inauguration of Adams: "General Jackson, we are pleased to observe, was among the earliest of those who took the hand of the President; and their looks and deportment toward each other were a rebuke to the littleness of party spirit which can see no merit in a rival and feel no joy in the honor of a competitor."

Adams himself wrote quite fully on the subject in his Diary. I condense somewhat an entry of Feb. 28, 1829:

"On the 11th day of this month Andrew Jackson, of Tennessee, was declared elected President. On the same day the President-elect arrived in this city and took lodgings at Gadsby's Hotel. He has not thought proper to hold any personal communication with me since his arrival. I sent him word by Marshal Ringgold that I should remove with my family from the house, so that he may, if he thinks

proper, receive his visits of congratulation here on the 4th of March. He desired Ringgold to thank me for this information; spoke uncertainly whether he would come into the house on the 4th or not, but said if it would be in any manner inconvenient to my family to remove, he wished us not to hurry ourselves at all, but to stay in the house as long as it should suit our convenience, were it even a month.

"His avoidance of me has been noticed in the newspapers. The 'Telegraph' newspaper has assigned for the reason of this incivility that he knows I have been personally concerned in the publications against his wife in the 'National Journal.' This is not true. I have not been privy to any publication in any newspaper against either himself or his wife. Within a few days another reason has been assigned. Mr. David Hoffman, of Baltimore, urged me to attend the inauguration and said in that event he was informed it was Gen. Jackson's intention to pay me a visit, his reason for not having done it before having been the chance there might have been of his meeting Mr. Clay with me. Mr. Ringgold says Mr. McLean, the Postmaster-General, told him that he had conversed with the General upon his abstaining from visiting me, and that the General had told him he came here with the intention of calling upon me, but had been dissuaded from it by his friends."

Under the date of March 3 occurs this entry: "About nine in the evening I left the President's house, and with my son John and T. B. Adams, Jr.,

came out and joined my family at Meriden Hill." On the following day, that of the inauguration, there is the following: "This day Andrew Jackson, of Tennessee, was inaugurated as President of the United States. I had caused a notification to be published in the 'National Intelligencer' and 'Journal,' requesting the citizens of the District and others, my friends, who might be disposed to visit me, according to the usage heretofore, to dispense with that formality. Very few, therefore, came out . . . The day was warm and springlike, and I rode on my horse, with Watkins, into the city and thence through F street to the Rockville Turnpike, and over that till I came to the turn of the road by which I returned over College Hill back to the house."

General Jackson was very much in evidence at the inauguration of his successor, Mr. Van Buren. The two rode side by side from the White House to the Capitol, and back again, after the ceremonies, in a carriage made of wood from the frigate *Constitution*, presented by the Democrats of New York. But the General was at all moments the central figure; the crowd along the route and at the Capitol paid only slight attention to the new President.



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THE CRUSH AT THE WHITE HOUSE AFTER JACKSON'S INAUGURATION.

CHAPTER VII

"TIPPECANOE" AND OTHER INAUGURATIONS

Of the inauguration of General William Henry Harrison, in 1841, John Quincy Adams says in his Diary that it was celebrated with demonstrations of popular feeling unexampled since that of Washington in 1789. It had more of a left-over campaign flavor than any other inauguration either before or since. The great "Tippecanoe" canvass, with its log cabins and hard cider, its enormous processions, its boundless enthusiasm and incessant uproar, got under such headway that it could not be stopped with election day. Enough of it was still in motion in March to make the inauguration of the General a virtual continuation of it, so far as the procession was concerned. The log cabins were brought to the capital for the occasion, and many of the clubs came with their regalia and banners. A magnificent carriage had been constructed by his admirers, and presented to General Harrison, with the expressed wish that he ride in it to the Capitol; but he declined to do so, insisting upon riding a horse instead. The crowd of visitors along the avenue from the White House to the Capitol was the largest yet seen in Washington. The procession created such enthusiasm that the novel expedient was adopted of having it march and

countermarch several times before leaving its hero at the Capitol. For two hours it went to and fro in the avenue before the spectators were supposed to have their fill of it. Mr. Adams, who saw it from his window, under which it passed, describes it in his Diary as a mixed military and civil cavalcade with platoons of militia companies, Tippecanoe clubs, students of colleges, schoolboys, a half dozen veterans who had fought under the old hero in the War of 1812, sundry awkward and ungainly painted banners and log cabins, and without carriages or showy dresses. The *coup d'œil*, he adds, was showy-shabby; and he says of the General: "He was on a mean-looking white horse, in the center of seven others, in a plain frock coat, or surtout, undistinguishable from any of those before, behind, or around him." The day was cold and bleak, with a chilly wind blowing. General Harrison stood for an hour exposed to this while delivering his address, and at its close mounted his horse and returned to the White House with the procession again as an escort.

The crowds at Polk's inauguration were said to be the largest yet seen at the Capitol, which was undoubtedly true; for as the country has advanced in size, the number of people going to Washington to witness the advent of every new President has steadily increased. Evidences that the outdoor custom had become firmly established in Polk's time is furnished by the fact that, although rain fell steadily throughout the day, he delivered his address from

INAUGURATION INCIDENTS 205

the portico to a wide, moving sea of umbrellas, with no protection save an umbrella which was held over his head. The crowds amused themselves during the progress of the procession along Pennsylvania



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES.

THE APPROACH TO THE CAPITOL DURING POLK'S INAUGURATION.
(BASED ON A CONTEMPORARY PRINT IN HARPER'S WEEKLY.)
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avenue by repeating the favorite cry of the opposition in the preceding campaign, "Who is James K. Polk?" Roars of laughter always followed this somewhat worn, but always amusing, query. An interesting contemporary note of this inauguration

is the following: "Professor Morse brought out his magnetic telegraph to the portico platform, close to one side of it, from which point he could hear everything that went on, having under view all the ceremonies performed, transmitting the results to Baltimore as fast as they transpired."

John Quincy Adams, in a very characteristic passage in his Diary, says of this inauguration under date of March 4, 1845: "There was an unusual degree of pomposity paraded in the inauguration of James K. Polk as President of the United States by the Democracy; but I witnessed nothing of it. A committee of arrangements for the reception and inauguration of the President-elect had been appointed by the Senate—all rank Democrats—who, in a very polite note, enclosed to me three printed copies of the arrangement, with a notification that a position had been assigned to the ex-Presidents, which the committee would be happy to have me occupy. I did not avail myself of the invitation. There was a procession of ten or eleven military companies, who escorted Mr. Polk and Mr. Tyler, who rode together in an open carriage, from Coleman's National Hotel to the Capitol. They first assembled in the Senate Chamber, whence they proceeded to a platform protruding from the portico. There Mr. Polk delivered his inaugural address, half an hour long, to a large assemblage of umbrellas, for it was raining hard all the time. The official oath was then administered to him by Chief Justice Taney, and the draggletail procession,

Book of Contemporaries



Drawn by Irving R. Wiles.

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BUCHANAN'S INAUGURATION.

(From a contemporary picture in "Harper's Weekly.")

to your
attention

thinned in numbers, escorted him back to the President's house.

"At night there were two balls: one at Carusi's Hall, at ten dollars a ticket, of all parties; the other, of pure Democrats, at five dollars a ticket, at the National Theatre. Mr. Polk attended both, but supped with the true-blue five-dollar Democracy. My family and myself received invitations to both, but attended neither."

There was little that varied the now well-established monotony of inauguration ceremonies when Franklin Pierce came in, in 1853, and James Buchanan in 1857. Pierce was one of the most buoyantly self-poised men who ever entered upon the Presidency. He made the journey from the White House to the Capitol standing erect in the carriage beside President Fillmore, and bowing constantly to the cheers with which he was greeted. At the Capitol he distinguished himself by being the first President to deliver his address without notes, speaking in a remarkably clear voice, and arousing great enthusiasm by his handsome appearance, dignified bearing, and somewhat unusual oratorical powers.

The inauguration ball dates from the very beginning. There was a ball when Washington was inaugurated in New York, but, owing to the pressure of other demands upon his time, it did not take place till the evening of March 7. Washington attended, and performed a minuet with Miss Van Zandt, and danced cotillons with Mrs. Peter Van

Brugh Livingston, Mrs. Maxwell, and others. There was no ball at his second inauguration because of its extremely quiet character, and there was none when Mr. Adams came in because of the general grief over Washington's departure. I can find no mention of a ball when Jefferson was inaugurated, but there was one when Madison came in, and since then there has been no break in the custom. There were, as Mr. Adams records in the entry quoted above, two when Polk was inaugurated, and two when Taylor succeeded him—an administration and an opposition ball on each occasion, both very well attended. The crush was so great at the Taylor administration ball that many persons narrowly escaped injury, and there were loud complaints because of the inadequate supply of refreshments.

CHAPTER VIII

LINCOLN'S FIRST INAUGURATION

For six weeks or more previous to Lincoln's departure from Springfield on February 11, 1861, to take the oath of office as President, the newspapers of the country had been filled with threats of secession, rumors of revolutions, stories of plots to seize Washington and burn the public buildings, and to prevent the counting of the electoral votes and the inauguration of the new President. The journey was begun amid wide-spread popular uneasiness about the personal safety of Lincoln. Whether he himself shared it or not is only a matter of conjecture. Herndon records that he was "filled with gloomy forebodings of the future" as he was taking leave of his family and friends, that he said to him that the "sorrow of parting from his old associates was deeper than most persons would imagine, but it was more marked in his case because of the feeling which had become irrepressible that he would never return alive." This does not imply that he anticipated immediate danger. In describing his departure and the circumstances attending his farewell speech, Hay and Nicolay write: "As the conductor paused with his hand lifted to the bell-rope, Mr. Lincoln appeared on the platform of the car, and raised his hand to command atten-

tion. The bystanders bared their heads to the falling snowflakes, and, standing thus, his neighbors heard his voice for the last time, in the city of his home, in a farewell address so chaste and pathetic that it reads as if he already felt the tragic shadow of forecasting fate.

"My Friends: No one, not in my situation, can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place, and the kindness of these people, I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century, and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born, and one is buried. I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance, I cannot fail. Trusting in Him who can go with me, and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

No one can read that without recalling involuntarily the farewell speech of Washington at Alexandria, quoted earlier in these pages. It has the same pathetic note of affection and sadness and humility. It is not my purpose to describe here the journey to Washington, with its secret midnight trip through Baltimore. That is set forth in detail by his biographers. The fear of personal assault upon

him remained after his arrival in Washington and hung like a sombre, intangible cloud over the inauguration ceremonies. Great precautions, under the personal direction of Gen. Scott, had been taken to guard the line of procession from Mr. Lincoln's hotel to the Capitol. He was surrounded by military guards, and riflemen in squads were placed on the roofs or houses along Pennsylvania avenue, with orders to watch the windows on the opposite side and to fire upon them in case any attempt should be made to fire from them on the Presidential carriage. Troops were also stationed upon the steps of the Capitol and in the windows of the wings. On the brow of the hill, not far from the north entrance to the Capitol, commanding both the approach and the broad platform of the east front, was stationed a battery of flying artillery, in the immediate vicinity of which Gen. Scott remained, a careful observer during the entire ceremonies, ready to take personal command should it be necessary.

Arriving at the Capitol, Mr. Lincoln and his companions passed to the Senate Chamber. A contemporary observer who saw the outgoing and the incoming Presidents enter arm-in-arm wrote: "Buchanan was pale, sad, nervous; Lincoln's face was slightly flushed, his lips compressed. For a few minutes they sat in front of the President's desk. Mr. Buchanan sighed audibly and frequently. Mr. Lincoln was grave and impassive as an Indian martyr." When they passed from the Senate Chamber and emerged upon the platform erected

on the east portico, the new President formed one of a remarkable group. Chief Justice Taney, author of the Dred Scott decision, stood ready to administer to him the oath of office. Near by was Senator Stephen A. Douglas, Lincoln's lifelong political opponent and a defeated candidate for the Presidency. With them was, of course, the retiring President. When Lincoln arose to deliver his address, he found himself encumbered with a high silk hat, a cane and a roll of manuscript. He hesitated for a moment, looking for some place upon which to deposit his hat, when Mr. Douglas stepped forward and took it from him, saying in a whisper to a friend as he passed back to his seat: "If I can't be President, I at least can hold his hat." The attendance was enormous, and as Lincoln began his address he saw before him the largest throng that had ever gathered to greet a new President, though larger ones have assembled before his successors. Horace Greeley, who was on the platform, wrote in his "Recollections of a Busy Life":

"Mr Lincoln entered Washington the victim of a grave delusion. A genial, quiet, essentially peaceful man, trained in the ways of the bar and the stump, he fully believed that there would be no civil war,—no serious effort to consummate Disunion. His faith in Reason as a moral force was so implicit that he did not cherish a doubt that his Inaugural Address, whereon he had bestowed much thought and labor, would, when read throughout the South, dissolve the Confederacy as frost is dissipated by a

vernal sun. I sat just behind him as he read it, on a bright, warm, still, March day, expecting to hear its delivery arrested by the crack of a rifle aimed at his heart; but it pleased God to postpone the deed, though there was forty times the reason for shooting him in 1860 that there was in '65, and at least forty times as many intent on killing or having him killed. No shot was then fired, however; for his hour had not yet come."

Mr. Greeley also relates this story, which may be taken as an authentic reflection of Lincoln's mind as he stood at the threshold of the Presidency:

"Almost everyone has personal anecdotes of 'Old Abe.' I knew him more than sixteen years, met him often, talked with him familiarly; yet, while multitudes fancy that he was always overflowing with jocular narrations or reminiscences, I cannot remember that I ever heard him tell an anecdote or story. One, however, that he *did* tell while in this city, on his way to assume the Presidency, is so characteristic of the man and his way of regarding portents of trouble, that I here record it.

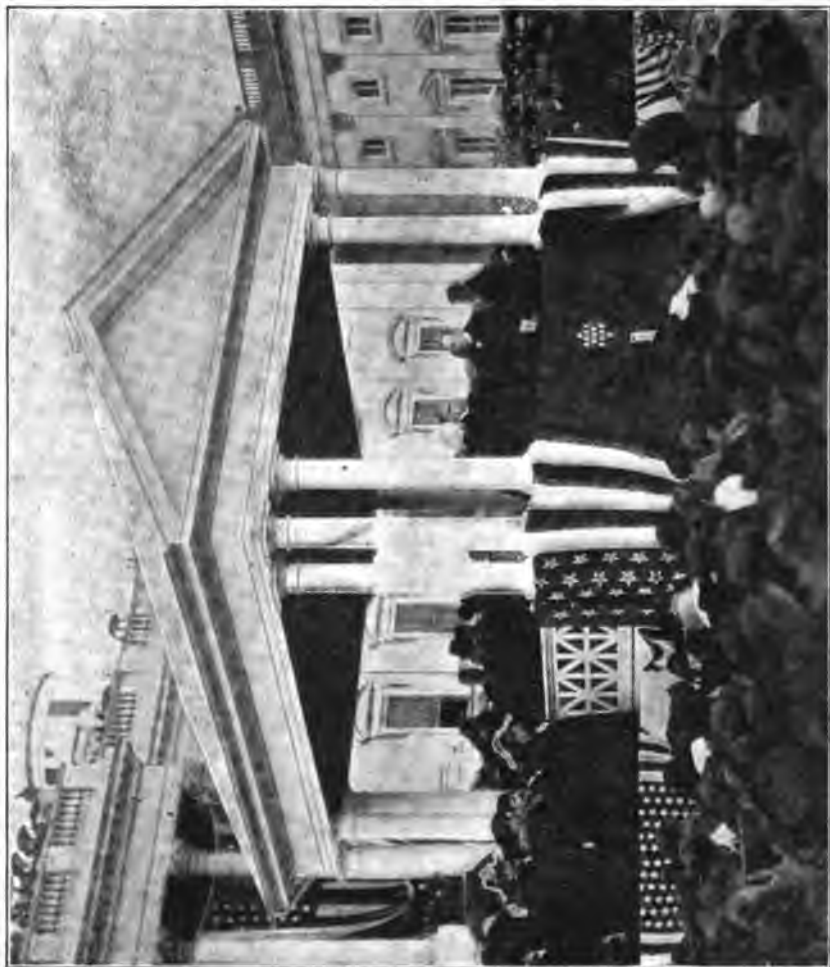
"Almost everyone was asking him, with evident apprehension, if not perturbation: 'What is to be the issue of this Southern effervescence? Are we really to have civil war?' and he once responded in substance as follows:

"Many years ago, when I was a young lawyer, and Illinois was little settled, except on her southern border, I, with other lawyers, used to ride the circuit, journeying with the judge from county-seat

to county-seat in quest of business. Once, after a long spell of pouring rain, which had flooded the whole country, transforming small creeks into rivers, we were often stopped by these swollen streams, which we with difficulty crossed. Still ahead of us was Fox River, larger than all the rest; and we could not help saying to each other: "If these streams give us so much trouble, how shall we get over Fox River?" Darkness fell before we had reached that stream, and we all stopped at a log tavern, had our horses put out, and resolved to pass the night. Here we were right glad to fall in with the Methodist Presiding Elder of the circuit, who rode it in all weather, knew all its ways, and could tell us all about Fox River. So we all gathered around him, and asked him if he knew about the crossing of Fox River. "Oh, yes," he replied, "I know all about Fox River. I have crossed it often, and understand it well; but I have one fixed rule with regard to Fox River: I never cross it till I reach it.'"

Since Lincoln's time each succeeding inauguration of a new President has been celebrated in much the same way, with a steadily increasing multitude of spectators, and a swelling measure of pomp and pageantry. In outward appearance there has been much similarity in these recurring quadrennial demonstrations; but each has had a distinct individuality shaped by the personality of its central figure and by the forces which prevailed in the election.

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McKINLEY TAKING THE OATH OF OFFICE IN 1901.

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INAUGURATION INCIDENTS. . . . 219.

The chief characteristic of later inaugurations has been the steadily increasing number of people in attendance. At both inaugurations of General Grant the crowds were enormous; but those which have gathered every four years since have shown no diminution from the standard of bigness then fixed. That standard, which stood at from five to eight thousand in the early years of the last century, has reached, if it has not passed, 100,000. At McKinley's second inauguration there was a military and civic parade in which 30,000 men were in line, while the number of spectators who thronged the entire length of Pennsylvania avenue and packed every inch of available space in front of the inauguration platform, though a heavy rain was falling, defied computation.

to view
attached

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